

A TOUCHING STORY

Is told in the Portland Argus, in connection with the wreck of the new bark WILLIAM FALES, which was driven ashore on the coast of Maine, about the latter part of February last, during a violent gale.

"As the unfortunate bark approached the shore, on the night of her loss, it was found impossible to keep her off; and Capt. Thomas let go his anchors, which failed to bring her up. In a moment she struck, and took off her keel. Four seamen, who were on the yard taking in the remnant of sail that she was carrying when the anchors were let go, were hurled into the deep by the violence of the shock, and at once drowned in the vortex. When she struck a second time, it was with such force that her masts were, in a moment, swept away. At this crisis, Capt. T. inquired of his surviving men who would leap into the foaming billows, and take a rope ashore? They shrank from the hazardous ordeal, and no one volunteered. Capt. T. then impetuously seized a line, took a few turns of it round his arm, and leaped towards the shore. He was thrown back by the retreating surge, and was drawn partly up the side of the vessel, when the line became unloosened, and he was washed away and seen no more.

"The bark soon swung stern to the shore, and the lad that was saved says, that, by jumping into the surge as it was rolling in, it threw him far up the beach. (There was a house but a little distance off, from which assistance was promptly rendered.) Very likely, more of the sufferers would have been saved by taking this precaution. The violence of the billows may be inferred from the fact, that in less than *half an hour* from the time she struck, that new staunch bark was broken up, and not a vestige of her to be seen!

"Thomas McClellan (one of the lost) was but a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age; and was 'the only son of his mother, and she

a widow.' Language is powerless in describing the desolation of heart of that bereaved mother, when the dreadful intelligence reached her, that her bright, intelligent, affectionate boy—her last hope—had been immured in that insatiable sepulchre that spurs neither age nor sex!

"Capt. Thomas has left a wife and three young children to bewail the sudden and untimely loss of their husband and father. He was forty-five years old, and was an experienced and able shipmaster. His life, as it were, had been spent on the ocean; having been to sea from boyhood. He had been a shipmaster for twenty years, at least, if our memory serves us in this respect. He had been through many scenes of the 'mountain wave,' that would have deterred a less resolute man from tempting the treacherous ocean more.

"He had been cast ashore, foundered at sea, and in various other perils that so often make the great deep one vast coffin for the hardy mariner. In this respect, Capt. T. seemed to wear 'a charmed life.' However frightful or imminent the disaster, although no shipmate could withstand the hardship, yet he survived, again to throw himself fearlessly upon the deep for a livelihood.

"We recollect one adventure of his, some twelve or fifteen years since, which at the time made quite a stir in our quiet community. He sailed from this port in December or January, in a brig for the West Indies. A few days out, and she foundered.

"A small portion of the brig was left out of water, and upon this huddled the survivors of the gale. And there they remained, looking day after day, with strained eyes, over the vast expanse of water, during the short days of that dreary season of the year, for some sail to heave in sight, to give them succor! Day after day elapsed, and no object relieved their aching eyes; but the everlasting expanse of sea and sky. The small quantity of food saved was diminished to a speck. One after another of those stout men, famished and chilled with the weather, fell from off their precarious footing, and passed away from the sight of those behind. Some, delirious with suffering, fancied they saw every luxury that heart could wish, in the green waves about them, and with a sudden shriek, leapt in the sea.

"Still no help came! Those left, dwindled to three, and *two*! One hardy fellow clung to life with a tiger's grasp! But at last he died, and there alone, in his frail cradle, Thomas was left. His iron constitution had triumphed over all; and he rode alone on that frail part of his vessel that yet appeared above the wave.

"For thirty days in company with his ship-

mates, and afterwards *alone*, he clung to the sheer wreck; and then succor came, and he was rescued, again to launch his bark fearlessly on the deep. But, enduring as he was, and as often as he had grappled with the sea in its every shape of horror, it has at last proved the conquerer."

ANECDOTE.

Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ... May 7, 1842; 1, 10;
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sure. The son consented to the proposal, perhaps with a view of executing his barbarous intention. The father conducted him insensibly to a solitary place, in the deepest recesses of an extensive forest. Then stopping suddenly, he addressed his son in the following terms: "My son, I have been told, and have no doubt of the fact, that you have formed the desperate resolution of murdering me. Notwithstanding the many just grounds of complaint which I have against you, still you are my son, and I love you still, and wish to give you a last token of my tenderness. I have led you into this forest, and to this solitary place, where none witness our conduct, and where none can have the smallest knowledge of your crime." Then drawing a dagger which had been concealed. "There, my son," said he, "there is a dagger: take your will of me; execute the cruel design which you have formed against my life, put me to death according to your resolution; I shall, at least, in dying here, save you from falling into the hands of human justice, this shall be the last evidence of my tender attachment to you; in my extreme grief, this shall be some consolation to me, that I shall save your life, while you deprive me of mine." The son, struck and astonished, could not refrain from crying; he burst into a flood of tears, threw himself at his father's feet, implored the forgiveness of his foul offence, protested that he would change his conduct to the best and most benevolent of fathers. He kept his word, renouncing his ruinous irregularities, and causing consolation and joy, some proportioned to the grief and sorrow of soul which he had formerly given to his excellent parent.

ANECDOTE.

A pious farmer, alive to the importance of his rust, neglected nothing in order to give a proper education to his son. A good example and religious instruction were employed for this purpose; but criminal propensities obtained the ascendancy, and drove the reckless youth to multiplied irregularities, which wrung the heart of his parent, and caused the most pungent sorrow. This unnatural son, listening to the suggestions of a wicked heart, formed the horrible project of assassinating his father that he might at once become possessed of his property, and be able to indulge to a greater extent in licentiousness. The unhappy father received the painful intelligence through a medium which left no doubt on his mind concerning the fact. Stung with grief, and resolved to make a make last effort to touch a heart so lost to itself, the father said one day to his son, "My son, would you take a walk with me? your company will give me plea-

Original.

BERTHA, THE SPINNER.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE Emperor, Henry IV., ascended the throne of his father, when, as yet, scarce arrived at the years of manhood. He had been early betrothed to a young Italian princess, whom, though beautiful and virtuous, he did not love, perhaps because it was his duty to love her. The newly wedded Empress soon perceived this, and grieved over it secretly, for she truly loved her lord. He was very fond of the chase, and pursued it daily, accompanied by some of his nobility; and the society of his jovial companions made up for the want of happiness in his domestic life.

One day, when the Emperor found himself alone in a wood, he met, riding a white palfrey, a young lady of such transcendent beauty, that he was half convinced it must be Dianna herself. Her dark brown ringlets clustered on the whitest forehead in the world, and her large dark eyes gleamed like stars in the view of the fascinated Prince. He rode past her in silence; and presently meeting the Count Paolo, learned from him that the fair stranger was the Lady Irene, niece of the Count Montagna, who lived in the Count's castle, near Padua, and was affianced, as the world said, to his son, Adalbert. The Emperor felt as if he could envy the fortunate Adalbert, and mentally resolved on a speedy visit to the Count Montagna at his castle.

This resolve he soon put in execution. Montagna felt honored by the Imperial visit, and Irene, proud of her beauty, and elated by the compliments she received, was all exultation. She appeared to the Prince even more beautiful than when he first saw her; and her loveliness, in his eyes, was enhanced by her reserved and even haughty demeanor. In short, he contrived often to have the pleasure of seeing her; and, at length, appointed her one of the maids of honor to the Empress. Montagna was delighted at this mark of favor, for he looked on Irene as the bride of his son, and never dreamed of her being faithless to him. As to Adalbert, one would have thought that he had reason to be distressed at the loss of much of the lady's society, her duties at court occupying a great portion of her time; but the truth was, he did not regret the separation. Her pride and selfishness prevented his regarding her with affection; and, besides, he was secretly enamored of a young girl, who, though in an humble station, matched, in beauty and merit, the loftiest in the land.

In the smallest cottage in Montagna, dwelt Madame Theresina, a respectable, pious widow; and the only comfort of her life, was her grand-daughter, Bertha. A more modest and industrious maiden never existed. With the earliest dawn she was sitting at the wheel; and when every one else had retired, Bertha often pursued her task by lamplight. She never joined the village maidens at the dance, nor encouraged the advances of the village beaux. Yet the fathers, as well as the young men, were fain to confess that poor Bertha would make happy any man she chose to accept, and deserved a wealthy husband,

It was at church Bertha first saw young Adalbert, she soon learned to love him, as he did her, yet knowing that his father would never consent to his union with an obscure, undowered country maiden, she lived without hope, and wished only to dedicate her life to her humble duties. When she saw the youth ride past with Irene, she would color deeply, and the tears would rush into her eyes; but she suppressed her grief, and always went, the same evening, to ask forgiveness and peace before the Virgin's shrine. Every week, when it was market day in Padua, she went, carrying her little basket filled with yarn, with the proceeds of which she purchased necessities for her grandmother.

Meanwhile, the Lady Irene shone as the first star at court; and from day to day the Emperor's admiration increased. The Empress was sad at heart. The rumor had come to her ears that her lord was about to divorce her, and believing misfortune at hand, she schooled herself to bear it with resignation. She determined, at length, to ask the Emperor's permission to immure herself in a cloister, and devote the remainder of her life to religious duties. Believing it certain that she would obtain his consent, she caused every thing to be prepared for her journey.

The night before she intended to prefer her request, she retired weary from exhaustion and depression, and having fallen into an uneasy slumber, dreamed she found herself standing on a high rock which overlooked a valley luxuriously beautiful. Then she saw a white dove flying through the clear air, carrying a fine thread in its beak, one end of which fell on the gold ring she had received from the Emperor the day of her espousal. She drew the thread listlessly through the ring, and as by invisible hands, it was instantly woven into a fine net, in which the Emperor was enclosed, and kneeling at her feet, looked up at her with eyes full of affection.

She awoke full of wonder, and communicated the dream to her confessor. "Noble lady!" said her ghostly counsellor, "we must not place too much confidence in dreams, yet must we not slight them altogether. Our guardian spirits oft speak to us in visions of the night; moreover, patience and faithfulness oft-times accomplish what rash zeal could never effect. Remain, illustrious lady, some time yet at court, before you speak of your intention to withdraw to a cloister. Bear with patience what may disquiet you, and hope the best, while you invoke the aid of Heaven with earnest prayer."

The Empress followed the advice of her confessor. She did not speak of leaving her husband, but bore all his neglect with patience and silence. While she waited for better days, all the leisure time of the Emperor was devoted to her rival. The artful Irene, who aimed at nothing less than the crown, on her part, sought to make the Emperor suspicious of the faith of his admirable consort; and by way of revenging herself upon Adalbert for his coldness, as well as gratifying her ambition, accused him of having dared to lift his eyes to the Empress. The youth had been some weeks at court, and this circumstance gave a coloring of truth to her representations.

Henry, who willingly seized upon an occasion for anger against his unoffending consort, was easily persuaded to believe what was told him; and, indeed, could not help observing that she apparently showed more respect to Adalbert than any of the young noblemen about the court. The truth was, Adalbert was melancholy by reason of his hopeless love for the poor spinner; his silent and dejected mien naturally drew the attention of the Empress, who had also her secret grief. Thus the unhappiness of the two made them friends.

As it often happens in similar cases, it fell out that the Emperor, who, in his selfish caprice, had disregarded his wife, and even ridiculed her love for him, began to feel some interest in her so soon as he suspected that she preferred young Montagna to himself. The possession he had despised, while he imagined it secure, he learned to value when he seemed likely to lose it. He even perceived that his consort possessed attractions likely to win the affection of all who should be admitted to her friendship. His jealousy made him keener sighted in this respect; and as it became evident to the noble lady, that she was an object of more attention than formerly to her lord, her increased cheerfulness rendered her still more pleasing in his eyes.

Irene's beauty still held the Emperor in bondage; but he began to see how great was her ambition; and once or twice he consulted with his confessor in regard to his future actions. The confessor assured him that the divorcing of his amiable wife would be a heinous offence in the eye of Heaven.

From day to day the mild charms of the Empress shone in clearer light; still Henry could not divest himself of jealousy, whenever he saw young Adalbert welcomed with a friendly smile.

While Irene, alarmed at the unexpected turn Henry's fancy had taken, was employing all her arts to injure her mistress, Bertha remained in seclusion and sorrow. Her grandmother's health began to fail, so that she confined herself almost entirely to the house. She had not seen young Montagna in a long time, for she had not been lately at the market. Every evening she prayed before the Virgin for her grandmother and her lover, and always felt strengthened afterwards for her task. She put fresh flax on her distaff, and determined to excel all the rival spinners in the fineness of the thread she would spin for the next fair in Padua. Her grandmother's health improved; she had more leisure, and devoted herself to her labor, cheered by pleasing anticipations, for on that day she felt certain she would see Adalbert, if only at a distance.

The Lady Irene perceived with increasing mortification, that she was no longer distinguished by the Emperor, and also, that her affianced lover was wholly lost to her. She determined on making a last bold effort to accomplish her designs, and the day before the fair in Padua, contrived to be found by Henry alone in the garden, weeping violently. On his asking the cause of her grief, she answered, "How can I fail to be wretched, my gracious lord? Your favor is withdrawn from me, and the man appointed to be my husband, loves

another—yes—loves the Empress!" As Henry started at this, she repeated her assertion, and added, "Tomorrow, at midnight, he has an interview with her, in the gallery leading to her apartments." The Emperor, enraged, swore to be a listener, and revenge himself on the wicked pair. Irene besought him to say nothing of her agency in discovering the secret, and then withdrew, exulting in the probable success of her scheme. She next sent for young Montagna, and addressed him with cordiality, informing him she knew of his attachment to another maiden, and releasing him from his vows to her. She professed also a wish to serve him, advised him to consult the Empress in relation to his marriage with the spinner girl, and promised to help him to an interview. "To-morrow, at midnight," concluded the artful lady, "you can speak alone with her majesty; she usually goes out into the gallery at that hour, to take the cool night air. But say nothing of your intention previously; as, should your application be in vain, you would wish it kept a secret."

Adalbert thanked the Lady Irene for the interest she took in his affairs, and promised to follow her advice; in his heart, however, he distrusted her, and was little inclined to abide by her directions.

The fair commenced; cheerful music was heard from every quarter, and the peasantry and citizens, with the aristocracy of the town, crowded the market squares, lined with booths and tents, where the venders were to be seen. Among the spinners with their piles of thread, were a number of dames and damsels from Montagna.

Many a look was fixed on the pretty Bertha, as modest and retired she sat among the others; and many came up to examine her work, but pronounced it of too fine a texture for common use: so that it remained unsold. Her eyes wandered through the crowd in search of Adalbert—but she saw him not; he was gone that day on the chase in the suite of the Emperor. Saddened by her disappointment, she fixed her looks despondingly on the ground; but was presently roused by a movement among her companions—while the music sounded in a livelier strain. The Empress, attended by several ladies of high rank, approached. Moved by a sudden impulse, Bertha rose, stepped forward, and, with a low obeisance, said—"Be not angry, most illustrious lady, at the boldness of a poor maiden. With good wishes and prayers for your Majesty's welfare, I spun this thread, and humbly beg your acceptance of it. It is so fine—see—you could draw the skeins through the gold ring your Majesty wears on your finger." The Empress, reminded of her dream, looked on the girl with surprise. "Ah!" continued Bertha, "your Majesty thinks me bold; indeed, I would not have dared to offer your Majesty so poor a gift—but that the Holy Virgin in answer to my prayers—herself put the thought in my mind."

"The Virgin sends you! yes—you are the dove—that sings me peace!" cried the Empress. She drew several of the skeins through her ring without difficulty, and handed them to one of her attendants: then taking a gold chain from her neck, she flung it over Bertha's,

gave her her hand to kiss, and departed—promising to see her again.

Bertha was greatly surprized, but recovered herself, amidst the congratulations of her companions. Accompanied by them, she returned to Montagna, and told her grandmother of her good fortune. The Empress, on her part, much praised the beauty of the poor girl's gift, pronouncing her the best spinner in the country, and one whose industry ought to be rewarded. The ladies agreed with her in praising the fineness and evenness of Bertha's work; and were surprized to learn it was done by a peasant damsel.

After dinner, the Empress retired to her apartment, and gave orders that, except two of the ladies who attended her, none should be admitted. That something rare was going on, was, however, evident; the pages in the antechamber, her voice in frequent laughter, though what was its cause none of them could divine.

As it struck midnight, Henry, full of suspicion, and harboring thoughts of vengeance, came, masked, into the gallery, leading to his consort's chamber. All was dark and silent. He heard a whispering in the Empress's apartment; quickly, yet softly, he opened the door, which stood ajar, and entered the chamber. It was also quite dark. He strode forward towards the sleeping room of his wife; but suddenly found himself entangled in a net, from which all his struggling could not set him free.

Impatient at this new contrivance to annoy him, Henry called aloud; and instantly the Empress, followed by her ladies carrying lights, and armed with long switches, came upon the scene. Her Majesty, likewise carrying a long rod, cried—pretending not to know the culprit—"Who are you, who dare intrude in the apartments of your Empress? I should accuse you to my lord, but truly we are moved with pity on account of your youth; therefore our own hands shall inflict the chastisement!" Whereupon she gave a signal—and the ladies and herself began to ply their victim with the rods unmercifully. He bore the chastisement without a word, for he was ashamed to discover himself. At length, the Empress dismissed her women; and sternly addressing the culprit, said, "Begone—whoever you may be; and in future learn that none shall dare insult the wife of your Sovereign with impunity. Though she has to mourn that she possesses not her consort's love—she will ever remain true to him, 'till death!"

Her words penetrated Henry's heart; he threw off his mask and knelt for pardon at the feet of his injured, yet loving wife. She then told him of her dream; and besought him, as the first favor she asked, to reward the poor spinner in a suitable manner.

"In truth, I think," cried he, "that damsel has no little influence on our destiny. Without her, Irene would have been the wife of Adalbert; she would never then have been your maid of honor; her insinuations would never have made me jealous of you; I should never have feared the loss of your affection." Much more discourse passed, and the understanding was a perfect one.

At noon next day, the Imperial pair, attended by their train, and young Adalbert, drove into Montagna, and stopped before Madame Theresina's cottage. The gracious smile of the Empress encouraged the shy maiden to come forward; Henry took the thread, spun and presented by the young girl to his wife, and bidding some of his attendants fasten one end to a tree, directed them to enclose as large a square with it as the length of the thread would permit. The noble party then withdrew to the castle of Adalbert's father, and passed the hours 'till evening in amusing conversation.

Late in the evening the attendants returned from measuring the land enclosed by the thread, and a messenger was dispatched to fetch Bertha and her grandmother.

"You have done me service," said the Empress to the spinster; "my lord approves of what you have done, and with his consent I bestow on you the land enclosed by this thread of your spinning. I also present you with a title of nobility, and give you a spindle for your device. Adalbert shall be yours; the Count Montagna welcomes you as his daughter."

The young man was happy. Poor Bertha was overwhelmed with her joy, and could not speak. The lovers were united in a few weeks—the Emperor giving away the bride. All the ladies of the Court except Irene, wished Bertha happiness, and thought she had deserved it.

In after years, the children and grandchildren of Bertha used to talk of the strange adventure of her youth; and talk half regretfully of "the good old time, when Bertha was a spinner." The saying is current in Montagna, even at the present day.

CHEERFULNESS.

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CHEERFULNESS.— -A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an agreeable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

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DISTINCTION BETWEEN INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Stewart, Dugald

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DISTINCTION BETWEEN INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.-

The object of the former is to produce something which had no existence before; that of the latter, to bring to light something which did exist, but which was concealed from common observation. Thus we say, Otto Guerick invented the air-pump; Sanctorious invented the thermometer; Newton and Gregory invented the reflecting telescope; Galileo discovered the solar spots; and Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. It appears, therefore, that improvement in the arts are properly called *inventions*; and that facts brought to light by means of observation, are properly called *discoveries*.- [Dugald Stewart.

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

'I AM unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius ; but I must not in fairness conceal from you that you have much to do. . . . You are in the condition of a traveller that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed, for you have already lost your way.'—ELIA: 'LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.'

THIRTY years ago a college education was thought essential to success in professional and literary life. A man who in those days aspired to be thought a scholar without knowing Latin and Greek, was considered a kind of quack or pretender. It is not so now. Sheepskins have become dog-cheap. Colleges have so multiplied in our country, so many have had the opportunity of whatever advantage they can afford, that the world is beginning to find out that a mere knowledge of languages, a smattering of the sciences, are not the only nor the best foundation for the intellectual structure. It is at length discovered that a man may go through college and write A. B. after his name, and even A. M., and be no great things either. Science and learning are no longer confined to the professions. Many mechanics and merchants are as well educated as many college-bred men. A memory full of learned phrases and scientific terms is not valued so highly as the knowledge of the very things those terms stand for. When learning was rare, pedantry could play its tricks before the world without fear of discovery. Then was the golden harvest of medical men. The simplest prescriptions were accompanied with an ominous shake of the head or a mysterious silence, which the uninitiated mistook for an almost miraculous gift at healing. The law flourished not a little by the same humbuggery ; and the divine owed no small part of his influence to his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew—tongues in which were supposed to be hidden the decrees of God and the future destiny of man.

The evil cured itself; fairly run itself out, in the multiplication of books and the continued use of terms which at last got to be generally understood. The boy pedant now talks of 'perforating the convex extremity of the egg' which he wishes to cleanse for preservation, 'and also overcoming the attraction of cohesion at the corresponding apex, and propelling into the last aperture, by means of the labial organs, some of that fluid compounded of oxygen and nitrogen, vulgarly called air.' His grandmother lifts up her hands and eyes in astonishment, and exclaims: 'La! how much the children do know now-a-days! when I was a gal we used to break a hole in both eends and blow in it!'

Before we proceed with the particulars of our story, we hope the reader will pardon us if we consider what is the true value of a college education, as compared with that practical training the young man may

obtain in the actual duties of life. And it may be stated that the usual way in which young men treat their college advantages, fits them not half as well for the serious duties of fathers, voters and citizens, as some trade or actual work would fit them. The lounging manner in which most of our young men pass through college generally unfits them for all valuable exertion in after life. While their youth lasts and their spirits are fresh, they are agreeable companions and objects of hope; and youth itself, whether in a young man or maiden, is a charming object to look upon, even when full of errors and follies. It is the youth we love; it is what they may be if they choose, that we admire; and not their waste of time and pursuit of vain amusements. Still the advantages of a college education are great; and we are sorry to see that there is an increasing disposition to give up one of the most valuable parts of college training; we refer to the discredit into which the study of the dead languages is passing. It is said that this study is useless waste of time. Now if the end of such study is only to enable one to talk learned jargon, or if it be asserted that such a course is necessary in order to understand what is in ancient literature, both of these reasons are inadequate to the labor of their acquisition. But if it be said that the study of the classics is a 'discipline of humanity;' that they teach us 'to prefer honor to ease, and glory to riches;' that they convince us that there is something 'permanent in the world, surviving all shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion;' that they furnish the best training for the mind, and lead to the most full development of all the intellectual powers, at the same time refining the taste; giving us in the clearest manner the philosophy of language, the nice distinctions in the meanings of words which the man of one language considers as synonymous; making us familiar beside with the allusions of the best English writers who formed themselves upon them as models; then surely there are sufficient reasons why they should not be dispensed with. And to add the argument of experience, the highest of any, it may be said that the brightest ornaments of the English senate, the leaders at the English bar, the divines, the wits, the orators and poets, those men who make the eighteenth century a galaxy of talent such as the world never saw before, were trained almost exclusively in the study of Latin and Greek, at the schools of Westminster and Eton, and at the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

The truth is, that the object of a college-life has been overrated by people at large and by the college-bred man himself. It has been thought that a degree completed the education, and that after that little could be done; while every student who gains the most from college that can be gained, knows that after he has been graduated he has only just begun to learn, having by his college discipline but learned how to study. This is the great object of education, to learn how to study; how to think; what use to make of the thousand facts daily occurring in the walk of every individual; to put the mind in a condition to receive that knowledge. It is like the ploughing of the land, the working of the soil, to fit it for the seed. God giveth the increase here too, by his providences; by the wonders he from time to time unfolds in the natural world; by spiritual impressions and noble

impulses, which carry forward the man in knowledge and intellectual power beyond what ever could be gained from books.

This is the difference between the trained scholar and the self-taught inquirer; the one knows how to go work at once upon a subject; where the doors and entrances and passages lie; while the last, guided by no rule, but relying on instinct and chance, spends much time in knowing how to begin. When this shall be acknowledged, that early education and all school and college education is but the discipline of the intellect, as a main object, the course of study by which this can be best effected will be judiciously decided. But a course which embraces modern languages, (excluding the ancient classics,) the sciences and rhetoric, carrying the student over so wide a collection of books that he can know no one well, must produce a habit of mind which nothing but necessity can chain to the careful examination of any subject.

The voluntary system, as it is called, by which each student now studies what he pleases, there being a few exceptions to this rule, seems to do away with one of the highest advantages of a college course. For if a young man needs any instruction at all, it is in knowing what to study; and though under the present plan he may have advice if he asks it, it is to be feared that prejudice, his own laziness or zeal, will oftener decide for him than a regard for distant future good. Now we contend that the mind is more strengthened by the diligent study of a branch of learning which may at first be distasteful to it, but which it pursues from a sense of duty and by an exertion of the will, than by ever so much time employed in subjects congenial to the taste. Is not the object of education to prepare for life? and is life a series of duties and investigations in which we sail along as over a summer sea? The mind must be made familiar with difficulty; must learn to act from better motives than ease and love of pleasure. Beside, the adoption of the voluntary system is a tacit acknowledgment that study at college is not disciplinary in its main object; or if it is so, that one course is as disciplinary as another, a position at war with the opinions and practice of the best scholars of the past and present.

It is not wonderful that in the age of steam-boats and rail-roads, men should be seeking short cuts to intellectual strength, an easy way up the Parnassian heights; but they will find out that the steep is too large an angle with the horizon to admit of any ascent except by the old paths.

It was fortunate for Edward that he entered college at a time when the old system was in full force. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, were the chief studies of the two first years. They laid the foundation for an understanding of the mental and natural philosophy of the subsequent time. They formed the mind to habits of analysis, and then might be, and often were, thrown aside for ever, while moral and mental philosophy and the natural sciences furnished facts and data from which to reason.

The discipline of Edward at school had not been very strict, as we have seen, but here he was under no restraint at all, except to be

present at prayers and attend recitation regularly. Established in a handsomely-furnished room, arranged by the taste of his mother; with plenty of pocket money; for beside the allowance from his father he had received an extra supply from his too tender mother; with good health and good physical habits, our hero started on his college career under great advantages, as he himself thought, and as every body thought. How much greater the chance of that poorly-clad student on the seat next him, at the examination! His name, Timothy Blossom; a pale, light-haired, slender boy of seventeen, who the day before had walked thirty miles, with his books tied up in a cotton handkerchief, to be present at the examination for admission. Timothy was the son of a farmer of moderate means. He had fitted himself for college with the occasional assistance of the village clergyman. With what different feelings did these two boys go to their first recitation! The one was thinking of his dress, his appearance, the set of his shirt-collar, his style; the other, of his lesson, his hopes of an education, future usefulness, perhaps fame. We say how much higher his chance for honor, improvement and success in life, with only a change of linen, and his one suit of clothes and meagre fare, than that of the favored son of wealth who had nothing left to wish for!

And where is Tom Towley all this time? That boy, clad in a leather apron, brushing the flies off the horse that is being shod, is he. The horse is one of the coach-horses of Mr. Alford; for Edward came out with his mother in the carriage. The horse cast a shoe, and Tom is happy enough to see even a familiar brute. He brushes him tenderly and pats his neck now and then, while a tear stands in his eye as he thinks of his home and his toiling parents. He takes up a corner of his new apron and wipes the tear away, and neither Tom nor the apron is the worse for it.

The blacksmith, with whom he is learning his trade, is a kind-hearted man, and he means to do all the good he can to the boy whose open manners and ingenuous countenance won him from the first.

'And now tell me boy,' said Robert Nailer, the blacksmith, to Tom, when he first came to the shop, 'what you have learned at school?'

'I can read, Sir,' said Tom, 'and folks say I can write pretty well. I can keep accounts and cast interest too; and beside what our master Mr. Wickliff taught me, father taught me how to work a garden and how to speak the truth always.'

'That's good learning,' said Robert; 'no blacksmith ever should tell a lie. The man who works iron and handles a sledge-hammer as easily as the baby throws his penny toy, would look pretty, would n't he? in telling a mean lie? I can show you how to use the hammer and how to drive a nail into a horse's foot. But you must practice upon my horse first. We don't spoil other people's horses here teaching boys their trade. A horse's foot is a tender thing, and many a fine beast has been spoiled by the hammer of a boy. Yes, you shall shoe my horse by and by; and I'll make a man of you as fast as I can.'

'Thank 'ye, Sir; I want to be a man very soon, so that I can help mother.'

'Well, do as I tell you, and don't be in a hurry. Make haste slowly;

strike when the iron's hot, but don't snatch it out of the fire before it is heated, for you see, then you lose time.'

'That's almost equal to Mr. Wickliff,' thought Tom. Robert Nailer was already quite a sage in his opinion. 'I'll do as well as I can; and how happy mother will be when I have a shop of my own!' So to work he went, in patient drudgery, with the great object of having a snug blacksmith's-shop, where he could toil and sweat on his own account.

With less fuss than is usual for very rich people when they make any movement, whether to take a ride, prepare for dinner or a party, or place a son at college, Edward got settled in his new quarters and went to his work also. But less happy than his play-fellow, for he worked with no definite object. His present position seemed to him a matter of course; one of the laws of nature, rather than any peculiarly good fortune which he was called upon to improve. Many were the ordeals the young freshman had to pass through.

From time immemorial a playful animosity has existed between the freshman and sophomore classes; and the feeling is carried up into the higher classes, the juniors and seniors. The junior class is the natural ally of the freshman class; and the senior of the sophomore class. Indeed this is as true a feeling, and about as hearty as that between the political parties in our country; it only breaks out on great occasions and at times stated by custom, while it slumbers like fire buried in ashes, until by concert it is raked open and kindled into a blaze for fun, frolic and excitement. In old days, and we believe the custom still obtains, the first point of dispute is the respective strength of the feet and legs of each class, a question that is settled by a game of football in the delta, a large enclosure near the college, fenced in the shape of the Greek letter of that name, thus: Δ . We consider this a remarkable instance of the perversity of youth; that they who profess to be seeking intellectual eminence, the powers of the head, should upon the earliest opportunity fall to disputing about the superiority of heels. So it is. The younger class generally occupy the upper angle of the delta, and the sophs are ranged at the base of it; for this gives the freshman class a little advantage, having a smaller goal to protect, while their opponents have a wider space to guard. The game often becomes highly exciting, and many a little freshman measures his length upon the classic ground. Nor does the tall soph. always escape a similar catastrophe. The short, squabby little man from the hills of New England, bringing his whole muscular power, in the shape of a ball, in a direct line with the long legs of some youth who in the last year has shot up like a poplar sapling, cuts down his opponent as the sythe of the mower reaps the tall clover-heads in the meadow. What the record says we do not know, but we strongly suspect the freshman is as often victorious as the sophomore; for the first comes fresh from school sports, and is not yet enervated by late study. Beside, he cares little about the derangement of his dress, a matter of prime consequence with the newly-created soph., but throws his whole soul into the game. However, we have in this instance to record the overthrow of the freshman. The game was lost by the carelessness or apathy of Alford,

who being left as guard of the goal had turned at that moment to say a word to Tom, who was looking through the fence at the sport.

'Home!' cried the victorious class.

'We are beat!' responded a red-faced little freshman. 'Ned Alford! where did you learn to kick foot-ball? Why didn't you throw your dandy hat at it, if you were afraid of spoiling your boots?' A shout of laughter followed this smart sally. Edward blushed scarlet; he was too proud to exculpate himself, but not too proud to jump over the fence and take Tom by the arm and walk off.

'Who is that,' asked one of his class, 'that Alford has gone off with?'

'That? oh that's the black-smith boy. I saw him to-day in Bob Nailer's shop.'

'What! does Alford keep such company? We must cut him!' cried one. 'What a black-guard!' cried another.

'They were school-mates,' said some one, 'and Alford is perfectly right to notice him. How do we know but he may be a fine fellow, even if he is a mechanic? I for one like Alford all the better for his kindness to an old friend.'

Some of the young gentlemen of Alford's class called at his room, on their way home, and found him alone and in tears. 'They had called,' they said, 'to tell him, as friends, that he must cut his old acquaintance; for it would never do for him to be seen about the college in the company of mechanics.'

They reasoned and argued the matter with that skill and good sense common to spoiled children, who become young aristocrats in a republican country without knowing why; and whose assumptions are the more disgusting, because unaccompanied with any intellectual merit, but depending almost entirely upon the amount of wealth which is or has been possessed by those from whom they happen to be descended.

Now Edward Alford was naturally a just-minded boy, and by no means agreed with his friends about Tom Towley. Still he was too weak to follow his own convictions in the face of college opinion. Indeed when the matter was urged home upon him, and an appeal was made to his family pride and character as a gentleman, he did yield so far as to say that he would break off his intimacy with his play-fellow.

The foot-ball affair being decided, there was a cessation of hostilities between the younger classes. It is matter of policy with the sophs to wait a little before they begin their large practical jokes upon the freshmen. For the school-boy comes to college with his eyes wide open, expecting a quiz at every step. The last few months of his school-days have been filled with stories and speculations about what was done to this freshman and that; so that it is necessary to allay these fears in the first place.

Quiet had reigned for a week or more, and the new class had been unmolested. No key-hole had been stuffed with putty; no rancid butter thrown into suddenly-opened doors; no hideous noises were heard at night along the entries; for a great ceremony was about to take place in the college, a ceremony that could only occur once in a century. All were on the tiptoe of expectation. The sophs, taking advantage of this event, chose the largest and most dignified members

of their class as a committee to visit the rooms of the freshmen as tutors, to summon them to appear before University Hall after prayers for the purpose of preparing for the procession on the coming occasion; that they might become familiar with the evolutions, marches, openings to the right and left, etc. A visit from a tutor is always matter of awe to a freshman, and in fact it never takes place unless from some mock tutor, except there is outrageous noise and riot in some room in the college. Too much overcome to look up at the awful personage, with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, a ready acquiescence was given, and at the appointed time nearly all the class were present. Here, after being arranged by the pretended tutors they were marched about the college-yard to the great amusement of the whole college. And it has been strongly suspected that some of the tutors and real bonâ fide proctors were eye-witnesses of the joke, the blinds of their rooms being carefully closed.

Stately and proudly did they march with expansive nostril and swelling breasts. At length they were drawn up in as solid a body as possible beneath the windows of some wily sophs, for the purpose of hearing some final general instructions regarding their behavior and dress upon the great day; and while attentively listening to such words, a deluge of water fell suddenly upon them. The mock tutors escaped in the confusion that followed, and the half-drowned freshmen scattered to their rooms looking like chickens caught out in a shower.

The success of this stratagem seemed to satisfy the sophs for a long time. They felt that by this act they had paid off all they owed somebody, for the trials of their own freshman year. The college relapsed into quiet, and the hard study began in good earnest, as it always does in this college, where competition and struggle for 'parts' are such prevailing motives.

The first year passed rapidly away. Alford had as yet taken no rank as a scholar. He was too poorly fitted for that. The gentleness of his manners and refined appearance saved him many a 'screwing.' He was not asked questions he could not answer, and his case was fully understood by his instructors. How much better it would be if none were admitted to the institution without being fully prepared! But Mammon will have a finger in every pie. The pecuniary interest of the college, the size of the catalogue, will be thought of. The numerical force of the students must be on the increase by some means; and so many are admitted every year to whom the hour of recitation is torture, because they cannot get the lessons.

The form of Edward was slender and graceful. His delicate features and curling locks would better have belonged to a girl than a young man. His habits of late hours and luxurious living; riding when he should have walked; dancing when he should have been asleep and sleeping when he should have been awake; so outraged dame Nature that she paid him in poor health and lassitude of body. He ceased to be a boy without becoming a man.

Our young mechanic Tom worked early in the morning, and his sleep was sweet. His frame expanded with the invigorating exercise of the shop. His eye was brighter than ever, and he swung his hammer

with the strength of a man. All intercourse between the boys ceased. Edward passed his play-fellow once or twice without recognition, and after that Tom ceased to expect his notice.

He mentioned the fact to his master: 'Edward wo'n't speak to me in the street and when he passes the shop, as he used to do.'

'Well, what of that? Do you suppose he wants to take one of your blackened hands between his kid gloves? He don't speak to me neither,' said Robert, 'but his betters do.'

'But,' said Tom, 'he might pass the time of day with an old play-mate. Why master we are just of an age, and were born almost under the same roof. I love him almost like a brother.'

'You've a great deal to learn about the gentry, Tom. Now there's the president of the college, he always says: 'How do ye do, Mister Nailer?' and I say, 'Pretty well, Mr. President;' but he do n't invite me to dine with him, and I should be a fool to expect it. If I should go and see him in his parlor without any business but to pass the time of day, he would no longer say, 'How do ye do, Mister Nailer?' Oh no! he would pass along then, as your Master Alford does, pretending to be in a deep study. You see, Tom, it would n't do, no how. Men that work must keep company with men that work. Those that have the same occupations can talk together with some pleasure. But what could I say to the President in his parlor? Why I should feel like a cat in a strange garret.'

Robert had evidently thought the matter all out to his satisfaction, and was glad to utter himself. 'Just take that iron out of the fire. There, a little more that way.' Tom placed it on the anvil. Down came the hammer with a vengeance. 'Do you think the President could do that?' In a short time he had turned out a horse-shoe. 'The President makes books and I make horse-shoes. Now unless he wants to talk to me about his horses or repairing the locks on the doors that some of those wild students break in their frolics, what can we have to talk about together?'

'Why master,' said Tom, 'can't you talk politics?'

'No, boy, I never talk politics. There's too much of that done now by other people. They're always talking and never doing any thing. They jabber, jabber, and make long speeches, when the country is suffering for want of good laws.'

'Then you might talk religion with him, Sir. I'm sure they must know a great deal about it in the college, for they're most all ministers; mother said so.'

Robert here struck a harder blow than ever; and wiping the sweat from his face with his shirt-sleeve, said: 'I found it all out there, too, Tom. I never talk religion neither. There's no place where people talk so much religion as in the taverns. When men get half drunk they're always bent upon talking politics; and when they get so they can hardly sit up straight, they begin to talk religion.'

'Yes, Sir; I recollect Mr. Wickliff used to tell us that we must do good acts, as well as say good thoughts,' said Tom. 'That Mr. Wickliff was a sensible man,' continued Robert; 'I wish we had him here to teach our school this winter. I once thought religion was all talk, but

now I know better. I say there's religion in working up good iron into shoes, and doing all our work well. A man may be religious enough for me, who tries never to do any wrong to any body.'

'So I think,' said Tom.

'You mustn't be uneasy, Tom, if rich folks who have plenty of money don't treat you just as if you were one of themselves. It is n't nature. We have our rights and they have theirs. The man who works and earns his bread, and is honest and true to his fellow men and obeys the laws of God, is as good as any body; but he is n't like every body. I'm as good as the President of the college or the President of the United States, but we should n't take any great pleasure in eating and sitting together; he in his clean and rich clothes and I in my leather apron. He would be uncomfortable and so should I; but I rather think he would feel the worst of the two. Some of the working men say hard things of rich people, and call those who wish them well by hard names; and all because they happen to be brought up in a different way. This, Tom, is the whole of it; we are equal, but we are different. If there is any first about it, I have as good a right to say I am first and they are second, as the other way.'

Under such instructions did our friend Tom Towley thrive; and while learning his trade, such lessons were sinking into his heart. Robert did not call himself a philosopher, nor think himself one; but his plain good sense and practical wisdom lost none of their virtue, because they were not given forth in a cap and gown and with a sounding name to attract attention. His young apprentice wrought with his heart now as well as with his hands. He did not consider himself a drudge, an inferior being in creation, as some of our working men do. Under the influence of such a man as Robert Nailor he began to have right views of his relations to those born to a more easy, perhaps not more fortunate condition. A feeling of pity, instead of mortification, pervaded him, as his old play-mate whirled by him in his gig, or passed him in the street in the company of his gay companions. Tom saw his thin form and pale face with commiseration, and observed a languor and feebleness of step, which no aids of dress or affectation of spirits could hide.

Let not the reader suppose that our young mechanic had no opportunity of cultivating his mind. The good master, as a matter of self-interest, will attend to this with his apprentices. He had time to read; he kept the accounts of the shop; wrote letters for Robert; and his companions in the town, finding out how expert he was with his pen, got him to indite many a letter, and some of a tender nature too. Beside he belonged to the village lyceum and had a chance to hear all the lectures of the season; for it was a part of Robert Nailor's plan of life to encourage public instruction. 'The man who works with his hands,' said Robert, 'who handles the things of the world, is the very man to understand theories about them. Now I've worked in iron all my life, and though I never had more than a year's schooling, I presume to say I understood more of Professor Black's lecture on the metals than any of the book-men there. Some of his long words puzzled me a good deal at first, but I soon found him out. To be sure he said

what we call 'rust' was an oxyde; and he said steel was a carburet of iron; and much more such lingo, which I suppose is all right enough for scholars; but when men lecture to the people they ought to try to make their hearers understand them, and not be carried away with the desire of showing how much they know. Now when Mr. Black took hold of his experiments and made the things talk in their natural language, for iron never tells any lies, why I understood him as well as he did himself.'

How happy it would have made the blacksmith could he have foreseen the hopeful tokens of these times, when poets and scholars are turning their faces to the fields, not to find flowers and rivulets there, but the rich harvest of corn and grain! Yes, looking at labor in the land and in the work-shop as the true school for the intellect and the soul; returning to the simplicity of innocence and natural habits by the discipline of a high refinement of the manners and cultivation of the mind. Extremes meet; and the poet and scholar are now doing from choice, by arguments drawn from experience and thought, what the husbandman does by the promptings of necessity, the calls of hunger, and the sense of self-preservation. It is not difficult to see what effect this must have upon the sons of labor in our land; what a new value will be given to the employments of manual labor; what spring and sinew will be infused into the limbs of the laborer; when he finds the gifted, the cultivated, the rich and refined, coming back to repose upon the bosom of a mother they had begun to scorn! His labor will be lightened, not by requiring less physical exertion, but because his heart will be in it; it will be cheerful, respectable in his own eyes, from such companionship. He will no longer consider himself as doomed to a hard life, as the serf of the soil, but as leading the true life ordained by Providence for man.

A great poem may result from this at some future time. When this battle now going on between the true and the false, the artificial customs and natural impulses shall be ended, and the question settled, some Homer will arise to tell the story of a great revolution. The shame the scholar now suffers who advocates new doctrines may be his great glory; that he is able to withstand the temptation of a small present possession, for a great future good to his race. Like Peter of Russia, he may leave his throne for a while to work at the bench of the mechanic; and so be able to build a monument for himself of materials that will not perish with time.

A celebrated divine has been preaching for many years of the dignity of human nature; the elevation and grandeur of all human condition, however humble, because informed with the soul. 'I honor not a man,' were his words upon one occasion, 'because he is a shoemaker, or a laborer in any calling, but because he is a man.' And another divine, younger and less experienced, but not less earnest, nor less confident in the truth of his theme, says: 'The glory of man, that which distinguishes him from the brutes, is his capacity of being indefinitely educable. This belongs to the highest and the lowest, and all are equal in this great privilege.' It would occupy too much space to state all the fine things that have been said about the dignity of man and the

diginity of labor; but it is impossible not to conclude how much more eloquent are they who have taken it upon themselves to verify this new doctrine; to preach it in their lives, and who have begun to show the world that they are willing to do something more than merely state the principle.

But we must return to poor Edward Alford. We call him *poor* because the situation of his parents was so prosperous in one sense as to shut him out from all participation in those noble feelings which made Tom, the black-smith boy, so happy and hopeful. Term after term passed away, and he had made progress in language, in science, and his physical man grew also; but there was wanting to him an object. His heart burned not within him for any great cause. Humanity had no place in his interest. He loved his parents, his companions and intimates; was generous and open, truthful and obliging; but he was not moved to act, to study, to work by any principle of usefulness. How could learning, poetry and eloquence find any sympathy in such a mind? If he could have made up his mind to study for a 'part,' to be graduated with high honor, it would been have better than nothing to study for; and but little too. But Alford was too rich and fashionable to enter into competition with the herd of students; and beside, feeling his own incompetency, he made a virtue of necessity, and pretended to despise what he could not obtain. Honor was his watch-word, but not college honor.

Behold him now a senior; cold, distant and polite, having arrived by great care and study at an appearance of indifference to every thing; unmoved and unexcited, with studiously slow pace, dressed after the highest fashion, he is seen moving to lecture. Prayers he has cut, to the extent of a 'public;' and now only attends as few as possible and avoid disgrace. At this period of his college life, our hero met with a severe mortification. A cousin of his, James Alford, a student at Hanover College, in New Hampshire, visited him at his rooms, (for a senior *has rooms*,) and it being vacation with him, proposed to himself a glance at college life in Cambridge. He held the first rank in the senior class at Hanover, and came not a little swollen with ideas of his consequence. Edward was glad to see his cousin; indeed he came by his invitation, and introduced him to his friends, the gay and fashionable men of his class. The manners of James were very offensive: he was a boaster, an egotist, vain of a person without beauty, and he was talkative without wit. Among other insulting things, he remarked one evening at a supper at Edward's room, that a Cambridge senior would find it hard work to enter the junior class at Hanover. Now every body knows the fact is exactly the reverse. This was an insult that quickly spread, and a plan was laid for signal vengeance.

The students vied in the attentions showered upon the distinguished stranger. Suppers, rides, compliments, deference of the most marked respect, quite turned what little common sense the 'first scholar of Hanover' possessed, away from him. After his suspicions were sufficiently lulled, and Edward's too, for he was not in the secret, a grand entertainment was given in one of the conspirator's rooms. The wine

circulated freely, and James as usual made some insulting boast to the student next him by design. High words followed, and a blow was received by the Cambridge man. The party broke up in confusion, for their purpose was answered.

The consequence was a challenge next morning, which Edward would not allow his cousin to refuse. His words were: 'The family blood, Sir, requires you to fight.' James was for setting off for home; but no, that could not be allowed; fight he could and should. At last by persuasive representations that his antagonist was no shot, etc., he accepted the challenge. The time and place were agreed upon by Edward and the second of the aggrieved party. There was a difficulty, Edward being one of the seconds, in having the pistols loaded without balls; but this was managed. Trembling for his life, James Alford raised his pistol at the signal and fired. As was preconceived, his opponent fell, as if shot. A surgeon was at hand, and pronounced him beyond hope. 'The ball had penetrated his heart. Some chicken's blood from a phial poured on his white vest was sufficient evidence to James of the horrible work he had done.

A chaise in waiting carried him quickly from town. He was pursued, brought back, and imprisoned in a room in one of the colleges, to which he was led blinded and hand-cuffed. He was told that the government had jurisdiction, even life and death, over all offences committed within its grounds. He was examined by a mock justice and committed for trial, which would take place immediately.

The pursuit and capture of his cousin were unbeknown to Edward. He verily thought him guilty of the death of his class-mate, and that he had escaped. He kept his room in fear and anxiety.

One of the large halls of the college was obtained from the government, as is usual, ostensibly for some society meeting. The law-students were let into the secret, and applied to for aid to conduct the trial. Every thing was arranged in perfect order. There were the judges, the jury, the counsel, the officers of justice with their poles. The prisoner, at evening, was led into the criminal box to be tried for his life. In due form, in solemn mummary, the culprit was brought in guilty. The judge rose to pronounce sentence, and James Alford, 'first scholar of Hanover,' fainted.

When he recovered he found himself in a chaise on his way to intercept the stage for New-Hampshire. His luggage had been cared for and funds provided. As he parted from persons who told him he had been rescued and hurried off, a letter was put into his hands which he solemnly promised to deliver to the 'second scholar' in his class, immediately on his arrival. He did so. The contents ran thus:

'The students of the senior class, Cambridge, to the honorable seniors of Hanover, greeting:

'We return you your 'first scholar' quizzed. Adieu!'

Whether the government ever found out this frolic is doubtful. The man who was shot was seen at prayers next morning with a more joyful countenance than usual. Edward stood aghast for a moment when he saw him; but the truth flashed upon him, and his face became as

red in degree as it had been pale. After this Edward became moody and distant. His pride had received a festering wound. He took his degree on the same day that Tom Towley raised his sign in a neighboring village :

THOMAS TOWLEY.

Black-Smith.

His father and mother were present, and so was Robert Nailer, with his pretty daughter Mary, to witness the ceremony.

John Towley and Jane, by their careful deposits in the Savings-Bank, that blessing to the laborious poor, had now become able to buy a small place in the same village where Tom had determined to settle. They had enough beside for neat and comfortable furniture; and he owned a horse and wagon with which to transport his vegetables to market. Tom was to board with his parents, and now we see him restored to his loving mother, who was as proud of her son as any lady in the land could be of a child taking his first degree with honor at the first institution in the country. He was indeed taking his degree in the school of action. Robert said, 'few men could shoe a horse better; that he was honest, industrious and moral, and never had deserved a harsh word during his whole apprenticeship.' If this is not a *degree*, we should like to know what is.

The sign-raising was celebrated by a neat supper in John's cottage. Tom sat next to Mary Nailer, a pretty girl of seventeen, whom he had all along treated like a sister; but now when he was about to part with his master's family; he felt something was the matter with him; what, he did not know. At supper he began to look sorrowful, and had hard work to keep in his tears; he could but eat but little, and thought he would give worlds to be alone.

Mary sat smiling and happy, the joy of her father and the admiration of Tom's parents. These tokens in Tom rather increased than lowered her spirits. She had more color than usual, and studiously avoided looking the apprentice in the face. The fact is, the thought that Tom liked her as well and in the way that she liked him, had just become a strong hope in her heart. As Tom helped her into the chaise when the time of parting came, that hope became assurance, as she felt a slight pressure of her hand, and saw that the words, 'Good-by!' were choking him.

'Good-by! Tom,' said Robert; 'when you have time you will come and see us. We shall always have a place for you.'

'You wo'n't have to ask him twice,' said Jane, with an arch look at her husband.

It requires a woman to see into these nice matters of the heart. Robert knew not what the speaker meant. The daughter was quicker, and jogging her father, said: 'I fear we shall be late home, Sir.' 'True enough, Mary.' As the chaise moved away, Tom stood gazing after it

long after it was out of sight, and forgot for the moment father, mother, his new shop, his freedom, and every thing but sweet Mary the blacksmith's daughter.

The splendid dinner in Ned Alford's rooms was the talk of the next fashionable party in the city. The fine oration of Timothy Blossom was the delight of the audience on commencement day. Whether Edward had a 'part' or not was not inquired about; and indeed it was a matter of little consequence; but the fact of his not deserving one was not of so small moment, as the progress of our story will show.

find that a hard thing, I guess.' So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. 'Now,' said I, 'all keep still and let me punish him. In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn; I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them. 'Have you seen any thing of my hogs?' said he. 'Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field.' 'In your field?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat.' 'How much mischief have they done?' 'Oh, no much,' said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to me to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn. 'Oh, no,' said I, 'it can't be.' 'Yes,' said the shoemaker, 'and I will pay you every cent of damage.' 'No,' I replied, 'you shall pay nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you.' The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. 'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.' After some talk we parted; but in a day or two I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something laboring on my mind." 'Well, what is it?' 'Those geese. I killed three of your geese: and I never shall rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry.' And the tears came in his eyes. 'Oh, well,' said I, 'never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking.' I never took any thing of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be. Now,' said the old soldier, 'conquer yourself, and you can conquer any thing.'" You can conquer with kind where you can conquer in no other way.—[Vermont Chronicle.

HOW TO PUNISH AN ENEMY.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.

DEAR CHILDREN—If you would have friends, you must show yourselves friendly. I know an old soldier of the Revolution who told me the following story:

"I once had a neighbor who, though a clever man, came to me one bright day, and said, 'Esq. White, I want you to come and get your geese away.' 'Why,' said I, 'what are my geese doing?' 'They pick my pigs when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it. 'What can I do?' said I. 'You must yoke them.' 'That I have not time to do, now,' said I; 'I do not see but they must run.' 'If you do not take care of them, I shall!' said the clever shoemaker, in anger; 'What do you say, Esq. White?' 'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages.' 'Well,' said he, 'you will

extended over bridges on what is called the sounding board, and are made to vibrate by means of small covered hammers, which are put in motion by keys. Within a few years it has been so much improved that it is become one of the most important instruments in minor musical entertainments.

MUSIC.

Music is the science of sounds, considered as capable of producing melody, and agreeably affecting the mind by a due disposition, combination, and proportion. It treats of the number, time, division, succession, and agreement of sounds. It is divided into *theoretical* music, which inquires into the properties of concords and discords, and explains their combinations and proportions, for the production of melody and harmony; and *practical* music, which is the art of applying the theory of music in the composition of all sorts of tunes and airs. Music is also either vocal or instrumental. *Vocal* music is the melody of a single voice, or the harmony of two or more voices in concert. *Instrumental* music is that produced by one or more instruments. Every musical production ought to be expressive of feelings, and through them, of ideas. Music of some kind exists wherever the human species is found; yet it does not follow that every good piece of music must please all men alike, because music is an art requiring cultivation of the mind and heart to enjoy it properly. As civilization advances, music gains new advocates; for, although it seems only to address the ear, it is often found to speak a language to the soul, richer in meaning than words could express.

Music had its admirers in the earliest ages. Moses tells us that Jubal, who lived before the flood, was the inventor of the harp and organ. The ancient Jews were fond of music in their religious ceremonies, their feasts, their public rejoicings, their marriages, and their mournings. The music of the temple was performed by the families of Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun, the Levites, whose whole business it was to learn and practice this agreeable art; an abundant provision was made for them, that they might not be prevented from pursuing their musical studies by the cares of life. Kings and great men among the Jews studied music, and David made a very great proficiency in it. In his time, indeed, music had reached a high degree of perfection among the Hebrew people, and part of their religious service consisted in chaunting solemn psalms, with instrumental accompaniments.

The ancient Greeks were exceedingly fond of music. It had a considerable share in their education; and so great was its influence over their bodies as well as their minds, that it was thought to be a remedy for many disorders.

Among musical instruments, the piano-forte holds a distinguished place in our own age and country. It is the instrument which, above all others, seems adapted for use in the social circle; and it is, consequently, a special favorite with young people, those of the female sex in particular. The piano is a stringed instruments, the strings of which are

NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

AN anecdote, relating to the capture of the *Guerriere*, has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which is stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill, of the gallant American commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have often heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the *Constitution* when the occurrence took place. His version was as follows :

The *Guerriere* was lying too. The *Constitution* was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under three topsails—every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest—when the *Guerriere* commenced the action at long-shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes, a forty-two pounder from the *Guerriere* took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the commodore—and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very desirous to engage the enemy. “Mr. Morris,” was the commodore’s reply, “are you ready for action on the gun-deck?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, keep so; but don’t let a gun be fired till I give the word.”

In a few minutes Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

“Mr. Morris,” reiterated the commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, “are you ready for action on the gun-deck?”

“Yes, sir—and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest seamen are already killed or wounded.”

“Keep cool, Mr. Morris, keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word.”

The gallant lieutenant went below. In a few moments, the vessels having neared each other, to within pistol-shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter deck.

“Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris?” again demanded the commodore.

“We are all ready, sir—and the men muttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy.”

“Fire, then, in God’s name!” shouted the commodore, in a voice of thunder. It is added that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen tights—and he accompanied his soul-cheering order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck, with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were completely split open from the knee to the waistband.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the

action, was such as might be expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Mass., at present a respectable ship master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the *Guerriere* a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the *Constitution* was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully, but firmly represented to Capt. Dacres, that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him, but that it could not reasonably be expected that he would fight against his countrymen—he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit to render assistance to the surgeons if it should be necessary. Reed left the spar-deck of the *Guerriere* and the action commenced. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the *Constitution* had not yet fired a gun—much to the amazement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a significant shake of his head: "The d——d Yankee knows what he's about."

A few moments passed away, and the *Constitution* poured in her tremendous broadside; every gun was double-shotted and well pointed; and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable, but harmless Yankee, gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying; and sixteen mutilated wretches were tumbled down into the cockpit, from the effects of the first discharge!

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing, and a gun could be brought to bear on the enemy, but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the *Guerriere*, which a few hours before, was considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture, which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass—when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think that he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance, to his more fortunate foe.

Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the *Guerriere*. When he arrived alongside, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer."

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned Dacres, "but I don't know that it would be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much hors du combat," said Dacres—"I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you a prisoner of war, or an enemy? I have no further time for parley."

"I believe there is now no alternative—if I could fight longer I would with pleasure—but I must—surrender—myself—a prisoner of war."

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.--Chap. VIII.

The earliest birds waked no sooner than Willie; who, after a pleasant dream of home, and old familiar faces, started upon his feet, and began to equip himself for his journey. He smiled as he buckled his knapsack upon his shoulders, and hung the guitar over his neck; many a tale of the old minstrels recurred to his memory, and he wondered if any of them ever looked as he was just then looking. Had one of that aged gentry looked in upon him at that moment, he would probably have been rather startled at the supposition. But Willie was innocent of any very definite knowledge of their personal appearance, and may be pardoned for thinking himself quite as dignified and venerable a looking person, as his somewhat youthful face would permit.

Softly descending the stairs to avoid awaking his cousins, whom he had taken leave of the night before, he opened the front door, and stepped out. Nothing was stirring but the birds, and the leaves that rustled pleasantly over his head as he stood beneath. The sun had not yet risen, but it was already draping the east with folds of crimson, and dispersing the gray mist of the morning. Stopping a moment to inhale the fresh air and enjoy the notes of the birds, Willie directed his course toward the western part of the city, which opened immediately upon the country beyond. On and on he walked, till the sun rose above the mountains, and by the time it was an hour high, he had left the city far in the distance, and had got among green fields, and white cottages, and many a rural little place, that looked almost as beautiful to him as the village of "Sweet Waters." He stopped not long to admire them, however, but travelled on, now singing a merry tune, and now stooping to gather the wild flowers that sprang in his path. His heart was light, and therefore his burden seemed so. When hungry, he would stop at a farm-house, and they would very willingly give him a meal in return for the pleasant tunes that he played and sang to them. At night he obtained a lodging in the same way; his music was always a passport to the favor of the country people, and not a few seriously befriended him, by putting some silver pieces into his hand, when he left them.

The third day, Willie began to find himself in a familiar neighborhood. His heart leaped with joy as his eye fell here and there upon places he well remembered; and before the sun went down, his dear native village lay in the valley before him.

His reception, on the part of his old friends the villagers, was most warm and hearty. They were delighted to see that the only alteration in him, was his height, and perhaps his face, which was rather more marked and manly. The same simple, kind manner, which had endeared him to them when quite a small boy, still remained; and they assured him that while he stayed with them, their houses were all a home to him. To his great delight, Willie found his mother's cottage unchanged, and though occupied by a city family, who had come there to pass the summer, it had not been permanently disposed of. He determined from that moment to make every effort to get it again into his possession; and resolved that if he ever had a home, it should be there, where his mother died, and where he had passed with her his early life.

It was at this period of his history, that I first became acquainted with "Orphan Willie." I chanced to be myself passing the summer on this very spot, and in the same house in which he was born. Becoming interested in him, I gained from his own recital most of the particulars which I have related to my young readers, of his early history. They are only interesting as con-

nected with his after life, which, I am sure, is to prove a useful and an honorable one.

With some persuasion, I induced him to pass a few weeks with me at the cottage; and while there, he confided to me his hopes and plans for the future. His intention is if possible, to recover the old homestead; and this by his own exertions in his musical profession. He will travel all over the country, in the summer as a minstrel, and in the winter will establish singing schools in the town or city he may chance to be near. I parted with him late in the season, and have not heard from him since. Have you, my little readers? Perhaps he may some time fall in your way; if he does, pray treat him kindly, and ask him to corroborate this little history. But particularly ask him to sing you a song; he will be sure to do it, without any urging; and in this will differ from any other minstrel that ever I saw.

I would not close my little story, without drawing from it the moral, which it seems to convey. Never neglect to cultivate a talent, however small or insignificant it may at first seem, which God has given you. Be sure, whatever it is, that it is for some wise purpose, and may prove to you a gem of priceless value. What at first may seem like a mere accomplishment, may prove to you, as music was to Willie, a means of future support and usefulness. Or if turned to no practical use, the benefit which the cultivation of any natural gift bestows upon the possessor, in the refinement and elevation of the character, and the withdrawal of the sympathies from that which is low and debasing in its moral tendencies, abundantly recompenses, for all the time and labor spent upon it.

R. S. W.

back again, and amid the retreat of the rest. Wayne knew my men's fancy for the bayonet."

"Yes," continued the old gentleman; his eye gleaming with energy, "there was not a man under six feet in his stockings. They had never been beaten. I was a little surprised when Sergeant Reinford came to me and said that private Summers wished the liberty of speaking to me. I of course granted the request. When Summers advanced from the ranks, touched his hat and said; 'Sir, it is the request of the men that you lead us into the fort as soon as we approach it, without signal from the commander. We can take the fort, *alone*, Sir!' I made no reply but of course durst not break orders. Ah, poor Summers! he died nobly in the fort, and so did one half of my company." Here the old gentleman's nerve gave way, and he cried as a child. "Yes," said he in a suppressed voice, "they died in saving me, my company. The General sent for me, and said in a stern manner, Lieutenant B——, I shall depend upon you in the escalade at the south of the fort. You will be supported by Major ——, and Colonel ——, will look after the other side. They have their orders. The signal will be a rocket thrown as nearly over the fort as possible, precisely at twelve. You will get close under the wall and lie still until you see the signal,

"We were led by a guide and by good luck crossed the moat which surrounded the fort. The water was up to our waists, and we carried our muskets over our heads to keep them dry. We got to our assigned posts undiscovered. I can attribute our good luck to nothing but the noise of the whip-poor-wills. The hills appeared to be alive with them. Our men in the darkness were pitching and driving about from precipice to precipice like drunken men. At times they would wound themselves with thorns, and curse old Wayne, and inquire of each other why he did not fight his battles in the day-time, and not go thieving about like an old burglar in the night. However, we arrived under the walls undiscovered by the English. It now wanted a quarter to twelve. We lay close on the ground hardly daring to breathe.

"The sentinels on the walls of the fort were at this moment relieved, and others left in their places; and as the guard passed just over our heads they little anticipated that in five minutes more the mortal struggle would commence, and the gay, the gallant and high-born would bite the dust in the agonies of death; that the blood of the same race (we had no French there,) would stand in pools upon the earth. At length came the signal. It curved high in the air like a flying dragon. 'Three cheers, boys! Remember Paoli! into the fort, you dogs!' No sooner said than done. Some went through the port-holes, and some in upon the shoulders of others. The confusion within was astounding. The camp-women instead of cursing us for rebels were crying. 'Good Americans! save us! Mercy! Mercy!' As the world calls these creatures women, there is no end of the argument. We saved them although we knew that these same wretches at Paoli after the battle stabbed many wounded officers in order to plunder them of their clothes, which they stripped from their bodies, while they were yet gasping for breath.

"The British made a stand in considerable numbers, while their artillery did great execution without

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

THE storming of Stony Point was one of the bravest exploits performed by the American soldiers during the Revolutionary War. The following account was related by one of the few survivors of that memorable action. Stony Point is on the Hudson River about forty miles from the city of New-York.

"We arrived," said the old gentlemen, "at eleven o'clock at night, on the 15th of July 1779. I never knew it darker. 'Mad Anthony' formed us in a hollow square gave his orders and selected the storming party. He made us take our flints from the locks, for two purposes; the one to avoid an accidental discharge and thus discover our position, and the other that the bayonet could best be relied on in the night. Our clothes," continued he, "were torn into shreds by the underbrush, and our limbs dreadfully lacerated. The watch-word was 'Remember Paoli!' It was one that we should not be likely to forget; for we had been completely surprised there, and scores were bayoneted while asleep, and it saved my heart from the steel that was aimed at it. My whole company had been surprised, and out of ninety rank and file, twenty-eight were killed or wounded. But my brave fellows that escaped actually carried off forty prisoners! They not only fought their way out, but charged

the fort. Our forlorn hope was principally slain. For fifteen minutes my brave grenadiers sustained themselves against the whole force within. The storming party sent on the north side now came pouring in : we were about a hundred strong inside. We now gave three cheers, and went at it with the cold steel. 'We surrender!' was now heard on every side ; and as the besieged were entitled to quarter, in as much as they had not been requested to surrender, the battle ceased, although the men were quite willing to retaliate for the loss sustained at Paoli. The shipping that lay under the point slipped their cables and drifted down the stream.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

SULTAN STORK.

BEING THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN,

BY MAJOR G. O'G. GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.

PART THE FIRST.—THE MAGIC POWDER.

"After those long wars," began Scheherazade, as soon as her husband had given the accustomed signal, "after those long wars in Persia, which ended in the destruction of the ancient and monstrous Ghebir, or fire-worship, in that country, and the triumph of our holy religion: for though, my lord, the Persians are Soones by creed, and not followers of Omar, as every true believer in the prophet ought to be, nevertheless—"

"A truce to your nevertheless, madam," interrupted the Sultan, "I want to hear a story, and not a controversy."

"Well, sir; after the expulsion of the Ahrimanians, King Abdulra-man governed Persia worthily until he died after a surfeit of peaches, and left his throne to his son Mushook, or the Beautiful,—a title by the way," remarked Scheherazade, blushing, and casting down her lovely eyes, "which ought at present to belong to your majesty."

Although the Sultan only muttered "Stuff and nonsense, get along with you," it was evident by the blush in the royal countenance, and the smile which lighted up the black waves of the imperial beard, as a sun-beam does the sea, that his majesty was pleased, and that the storm was about to disappear. Scheherazade continued:—

"Mushook, ascending the throne, passed honorably the first year of his reign in perfecting the work so happily begun by his royal father.—He caused a general slaughter of all the Ghebirs in his land to take place, not only of the royal family, but of the common sort; nor of the latter did there remain any unkilld (if I may coin such a word) or unconverted; and, as to the former, they were extirpated root and branch, with the exception of one most dogged enchanter and Ahrimanian, Ghuzroo by name, who, with his son Ameen-Adhawb, managed to escape

out of Persia, and fled to India, where still existed some remnants of their miserably superstitious race. But Bombay is a long way from Persia, and at the former place it was that Ghuzroo and his son took refuge, giving themselves up to their diabolical enchantments and worship, and calling themselves king and prince of Persia. For them, however, their plans and their pretensions, King Mushook little cared, often singing, in allusion to them, those well-known verses of Hafiz:—

‘ Buldoo says that he is the rightful owner of the rice-field,
And declares that the lamb is his undisputed property.
Brag, O Buldoo, about your rights and your possessions;
But the lamb and the rice are his who dines on the pilau.’ ”

The Sultan could hardly contain himself for laughing at this admirable epigram, and, without farther interruption, Scheherazade continued her story.

“ King Mushook was then firmly established on his throne, and had for his vizier that famous and worthy statesman Munsoor; one of the ugliest and oldest, but also one of the wisest of men, and attached beyond every thing to the Mushook dynasty, though his teeth had been knocked out by the royal slipper.”

“ And, no doubt, Mushook served him right,” observed the Sultan.

“ Though his teeth had been knocked out, yet wisdom and persuasion ever hung on his lips; though one of his eyes, in a fit of royal indignation, had been closed forever, yet no two eyes in all the empire were as keen as his remaining ball; he was, in a word, the very best and honestest of viziers, as fat and merry, too, as he was wise and faithful.

“ One day as Shah Mushook was seated after dinner in his beautiful garden-pavilion at Tehran, sick of political affairs, which is no wonder, sick even of the beautiful hours who had been dancing before him to the sound of lutes and mandolins—tired of the jokes and antics of his buffoons and story-tellers,—let me say at once dyspeptic, and in a shocking humor; old Munsoor, (who had already had the royal pipe and slippers flung half-a-dozen times at his head,) willing by any means to dissipate his master's ill-will, lighted in the outer courts of the palace, as he was hieing disconsolately home, upon an old pedlar-woman, who was displaying her wares to a crowd of wondering persons and palace-servants, and making them die with laughing at her jokes.

“ The vizier drew near, heard her jokes,* and examined her wares, which were extraordinarily beautiful, and determined to conduct her into the august presence of the king.

“ Mushook was so pleased with her stock in trade, that like a royal and generous prince, he determined to purchase her whole pack, box, trinkets, and all; giving her own price for them. So she yielded up her box, only taking out of one of the drawers a little bottle, surrounded by a paper, not much bigger than an ordinary bottle of Macassar oil.”

“ Macassar oil! Here's an anachronism!” thought the Sultan. But he suffered his wife to proceed with her tale.

“ The old woman was putting this bottle away into her pocket, when the sultan's eye lighted upon it, and he asked her in a fury, why she was making off with his property?

“ She said she had sold him the whole pack, with the exception of that bottle; and that it could be of no good to him, as it was only a common old crystal bottle, a family piece, of no sort of use to any but the owner.

“ ‘What is there in the bottle?’ exclaimed the keen and astute vizier.

“ At this the old woman blushed as far as her wearisome old face could blush, hemmed, ha'd, stuttered, and showed evident signs of confusion. She said it was only a common bottle—that there was nothing in it—that is, only a powder—a little rhubarb.

“ ‘It's poison!’ roared Mushook; ‘I'm sure its poison!’ And he forthwith seized the old hag by the throat, and would have strangled her, if the vizier had not wisely interposed, remarking, that if the woman were strangled, there could be no means of knowing what the bottle contained.

“ ‘To shew you, sire, that it is not poison,’ cried the old creature to the king, who by this time had wrenched the bottle out of her pocket, and held it in his hand; ‘I will take a little of the powder it contains.’ Whereupon his majesty called for a spoon, determined to administer the powder to her himself. The chief of the eunuchs brought the tea-spoon, the king emptied a little of the powder into it, and bidding the old wretch open her great, black, gaping, ruinous mouth, put a little of the powder on her tongue; when, to his astonishment, and as true as I sit here, her old hooked beak of a nose (which, by way of precaution, he was holding in his fingers) slipped from between them; the old, black tongue, on which he placed the tea spoon, disappeared from under it; and not only the nose and the tongue, but the whole old woman vanished away entirely, and his majesty stood there with his two hands extended—the one looking as if it pulled an imaginary nose, the other holding an empty tea-spoon; and he himself staring wildly at vacancy!”

“ Scheherazade,” said the Sultan, gravely, “you are drawing the long bow a little too strongly. In the thousand and one nights that we have passed together, I have given credit to every syllable you uttered. But this tale about the old woman, my love, is, upon my honor, too monstrous.”

“ Not a whit, sir; and I assure your majesty that it is as true as the Koran itself. It is a fact perfectly well authenticated, and written afterwards, by King Mushook's orders, in the Persian annals. The old woman vanished altogether; the king was left standing there with the

* There, as they have no sort of point except for the Persian scholar, are here entirely omitted.—G. O'G. G.

bottle and spoon; the vizier was dumb with wonder; and the only thing seen to quit the room was a little canary-bird, that suddenly started up before the king's face, and chirping out ‘kikinki,’ flew out of the open window, skimmed over the pond and plane-trees in the garden, and was last seen wheeling round and round the minaret of the great mosque of Tehran.”

“ Ma-hallah!” exclaimed the Sultan. “Heaven is great: but I never should have credited the tale, had not you, my love, vouched for it. Go on, madam, and tell us what became of the bottle and Sultan Mushook.”

“ Sir, when the king had recovered from his astonishment, he fell, as his custom was, into a fury, and could only be calmed by the arguments and persuasions of the grand vizier.

“ ‘It is evident, sire,’ observed that dignitary, ‘that the powder which you have just administered possesses some magic property; either to make the persons taking it invisible, or else to cause them to change into the form of some bird or other animal; and very possibly the canary-bird which so suddenly appeared and disappeared just now, was the very old woman with whom your majesty was talking. We can easily see whether the powder creates invisibility, by trying its effects upon some one—the chief of the eunuchs for example.’ And accordingly Hodge Gudge, the chief of the eunuchs, against whom the vizier had an old grudge, was compelled, with many wry faces, to taste the mixture.

“ ‘Thou art so ugly, Hodge Gudge,’ exclaimed the vizier with a grin, ‘that to render thee invisible, will only be conferring a benefit upon thee.’ But, strange to say, though the eunuch was made to swallow a large dose, the powder had no sort of effect upon him, and he stood before his majesty and the prime minister as ugly and as visible as ever.

“ They now thought of looking at the paper in which the bottle was wrapped, and the king not knowing how to read himself, bade the grand vizier explain to him the meaning of the writing which appeared upon the paper.

“ But the vizier confessed, after examining the document, that he could not understand it; and though it was presented at the divan that day, to all the councillors, mollahs, and men learned in the law, not one of them could understand a syllable of the strange characters written on the paper. The council broke up in consternation; for his majesty swore, that if the paper was not translated before the next day at noon, he would bastinado every one of the privy council, beginning with his excellency the grand vizier.

“ ‘Who has such a sharp wit as necessity!’ touchingly exclaims the poet Saadee, and so, in corroboration of the words of that divine songster, the next day at noon, sure enough, a man was found—a most ancient, learned, and holy dervish, who knew all the languages under the sun, and by consequence that in which the paper was written.

“ It was in the most secret Sanscrit tongue; and when the dervish read it, he requested, that he might communicate its contents privately to his majesty, or at least only in the presence of his first minister.

“ Retiring then to the private apartments with the vizier, his majesty bade the dervish interpret the meaning of the writing round the bottle.

“ ‘The meaning, sire, is this,’ said the learned dervish. ‘Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east—’

“ ‘The old woman waggled hers,’ cried the king: ‘I remarked it, but thought it was only palsy.’

“ ‘Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east, swallows a grain of this powder, may change himself into whatever animal he please: be it beast, or insect, or bird. Likewise, when he is so changed, he will know the language of beasts, insects, and birds, and be able to answer each after his kind. And when the person so transformed desires to be restored to his own shape, he has only to utter the name of the god “Budgeroo,” who himself appeared upon earth in the shape of beasts, birds, ay, and fishes,’ and he will instantly resume his proper figure. But let the person using this precious powder especially beware, that during the course of his metamorphosis he do not give way to laughter; for should he indulge in any such unholly mirth, his memory will infallibly forsake him, and not being able to recall the talismanic word, he will remain in the shape into which he has changed himself.’

“ When this strange document had been communicated to his majesty, he caused the dervish's mouth to be filled with sugar-candy, gave him a purse of gold, and bade him depart with every honor.

“ ‘You had better at least have waited,’ said the shrewd vizier, ‘to see if the interpretation be correct, for who can tell whether this dervish is deceiving us or no!’

“ King Mushook rejoined that that point should be put at rest at once, and grimly smiling, ordered the vizier to take a pinch of powder, and change himself into whatever animal he pleased.

“ Munsoor had nothing for it, but to wish himself a dog; he turned to the east, nodded his head thrice, swallowed the powder, and lo! there he was—a poodle—an old fat, lame, one-eyed poodle, whose appearance made his master laugh inordinately, though Munsoor himself, remembering the prohibition and penalty, was far too wise to indulge in any such cachinnation.

“ Having satisfied his royal master by his antics, the old vizier uttered the requisite word, and was speedily restored to his former shape.

“ And now I might tell how the King of Persia and his faithful attendant indulged themselves in all sorts of transformations by the use of the powder; how they frequented the society of all manner of beasts, and gathered a deal of wisdom from their conversation; how perching on this

housetop in the likeness of sparrows, they peered into all the family secrets of the proprietors; how buzzing into that harem window in the likeness of blue-bottle flies, they surveyed at their leisure the beauties within, and enjoyed the confusion of the emirs and noblemen, when they described to them at divan every particular regarding the shape, and features, and dress of the ladies they kept so secretly in the anderoon.— One of these freaks had like to have cost the king dear; for sitting on Hassan Ebi-Suneeber's wall, looking at Bulkouts, his wife, and lost in admiration of that moon of beauty, a spider issued out from a crevice, and had as nearly as possible gobbled up the King of Persia. This event was a lesson to him, therefore; and he was so frightened by it, that he did not care for the future to be too curious about other people's affairs, or at least to take upon himself the form of such a fragile thing as a blue-bottle fly.

“One morning—indeed I believe on my conscience that his majesty and the vizier had been gadding all night, or they never could have been abroad so early—they were passing those large swampy grounds, which everybody knows are in the neighborhood of Tehran, and where the Persian lords are in the habit of hunting herons with the hawk. The two gentlemen were disguised, I don't know how; but seeing a stork by the side of the pool, stretching its long neck, and tossing about its legs very queerly, King Mushook felt suddenly a longing to know what these motions of the animal meant, and taking upon themselves likewise the likeness of storks, (the vizier's dumpy nose stretched out into a very strange bill, I promise you,) they both advanced to the bird at the pool, and greeted it in the true storkish language.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Long Bill,’ said the stork, (a female,) curtsying politely, ‘you are abroad early to-day; and the sharp air, no doubt, makes you hungry: here is half an eel which I beg you to try, or a frog, which you will find very fat and tender.’ But the royal stork was not inclined to eat frogs, being no Frank.”

“Have a care, Scheherazade,” here interposed the Sultan. “Do you mean to tell me that there are any people, even among the unbelievers, who are such filthy wretches as to eat frogs?—Bah! I can't believe it!”

Scheherazade did not vouch for the fact, but continued:

“The king declined the proffered breakfast, and presently falling into conversation with the young female stork, bantered her gaily about her presence in such a place of a morning, and without her mamma, praised her figure and the slimness of her legs, (which made the young stork blush till she was almost as red as a flamingo,) and paid her a thousand compliments that made her think the stranger one of the most delightful creatures he had ever met.

“‘Sir,’ said she, ‘we live in some reeds hard by; and as my mamma, one of the best mothers in the world, who fed us children with her own blood, when we had nothing else for dinner, is no more, my papa, who is always lazy, has bidden us to look out for ourselves. You were pleased just now to compliment my l—— my *limbs*,’ says the stork, turning her eyes to the ground; ‘and the fact is, that I wish to profit, sir, by those graces with which nature endowed me, and am learning to dance. I came out here to practice a little step that I am to perform before some friends this morning, and here, sir, you have my history.’

“‘I do pray and beseech you to let us see the rehearsal of the step,’ said the king, quite amused; on which the young stork, stretching out her scraggy neck, and giving him an ogle with her fish-like eyes, fell to dancing and capering in such a ridiculous way, that the king and vizier could restrain their gravity no longer, but burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I do not know that Munsoor would have laughed of his own accord, for he was a man of no sort of humor; but he made it a point whenever his master laughed to roar too; and in this instance his servility cost him dear.

“The young female stork, as they were laughing, flew away in a huff, and thought them, no doubt, the most ill-mannered brutes in the world. When they were restored to decent gravity, the king voted that they should resume their shapes again, and hie home to breakfast. So he turned himself round to the East, bobbed his head three times according to the receipt, and—

“‘Vizier,’ said he, ‘what the deuce is the word?—Hudge, kudge, fudge—what is it?’

“The vizier had forgotten too; and then the condition annexed to the charm came over these wretched men, and they felt they were storks for ever. In vain they racked their poor brains to discover the word—they were no wiser at the close of the day than at the beginning, and at nightfall were fain to take wing from the lonely morass where they had passed so many miserable hours, and seek for shelter somewhere.”

*In Professor Schwann's *Sanskritische Alterthumskunde*, is a learned account of the transmutations of this Indian divinity.—G. O'G. G.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE DEW-DIAMONDS;

OR, THE WISH.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM,

"All the blessings of the fields,
All the fruits the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening *dews*,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores—
All, to THEE, O God! I owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!"

"Are not those beautiful lines, mamma," said little Charlotte Field, after having read aloud from a book of poetry which her father had lately presented her on her reaching her eleventh birth day, the lines above quoted; "how sweetly the lines flow, and how *nice* they rhyme."

"There is a deeper current beneath the smooth flow of the verse, dear Arly," said her mother, smiling, and looking affectionately upon her beautiful, merry eyed daughter, as she stood before her, with her soft blue eyes full of love.

"What is it, mamma?" said Arly, coming near her, and looking up in her face to be instructed—for she knew that her mother drew knowledge from every source, and loved to communicate it to her.

"The deeper meaning conveyed in these lines, my child, is the idea of God ruling, directing, and blessing the creation he has made. They teach us that He is the author of all our blessings;—that he sends the rain, multiplies the herds and flocks, brings the harvest, and rolls round the seasons each in its turn for our good. They teach us, too, that we owe Him praise and gratitude as the Source of all that we enjoy in this life. Poetry is only useful when it conveys instruction, and then it is more impressive than prose."

Arly reflected a few moments, and then said with a slight blush of ingenuousness—

"Ma, would you believe it, I read those lines without regarding the meaning of them. I thought them pretty because they read prettily. I will never read poetry again without trying to understand it. I thought that prose was written to instruct us, and poetry only to please."

"It is because your taste has not yet been cultivated. Poetry, like music, must be studied to be understood and loved. You are old enough now, and I shall soon give you lessons in poetry."

"Do, oh do, mamma," cried Arly, delighted. "Until now, I have only been pleased with the casket; you will now open it and show me the treasures it contains. Indeed, mamma, I ought to be grateful to God who has given me a mother so willing and capable of teaching me all I ought to know!"

"I am pleased to hear you say so, Arly. You are too apt to be dissatisfied with things around you, as God orders them, and I am glad to hear you *voluntarily* manifest a thankful and contented disposition with your own lot."

"Why, ma!" exclaimed Arly, as if surprised at such a charge, and disposed to question its truth.

"This is your only fault, my dear! You are always wishing things were different from what they are."

"But wishes are no harm, ma!"

"Not in themselves—but they indicate a dissatisfied spirit, and question the goodness of God's Providence."

"When did I wish, ma, any thing was different from what God ordered?" asked Arly, startled, and looking distressed at the idea.

"This morning when you were going into your garden to water your plants, you wished it would rain so that it might save you the trouble—"

"But, ma, every body wishes about the weather."

"But hear me, dear! Three hours afterwards, a shower having fallen, you wet your feet coming from school, and I heard you say petulantly, 'I wish it would'n't rain and make it so wet.'"

Arly hung her head in conscious silence. Her mother proceeded with her sewing, and at length Arly broke silence and said, frankly,

"Well, ma, I confess it was very foolish to wish as I did both in one day, making my own convenience the measure and guide of God's providence. I promise never to do it again."

"I trust you will not, dear Arly; for it is not only a foolish but a wicked habit; foolish because it is futile, and wicked because it would dictate and govern where God alone is the Ruler and Director. Besides, as we often wish what, if granted, would be injurious if not fatal to us, we should often bring upon ourselves pain and perplexity, where Providence designed peace and happiness."

* * * * *

A few mornings after this conversation, Arly was in her garden. The sun was rising in all the mellow glory of Spring, and the dew hung in thick clusters upon spray, foliage and flower. His beams were reflected from the millions of dew drops which flashed

and sparkled like diamonds in their radiance, but consumed a moment afterwards in the splendor which enkindled them.

"Alas," said Arly, as she turned disappointed from a moss rose tree that grew near an arbor in which she sat, and which she had been admiring as it bent to the load of diamonds of dew, which, while she gazed, melted from her sight; "alas, that gems so beautiful should be so transient! Had I the wish I would crystalize every dew drop as it stands on the flowers, leaves, and blades of grass, and make the whole world so beautiful! O, why does not God do it?"

"God does nothing but what conduces to the good of his creatures, and is worthy of his own glory," said an aged man, in a long white beard with a staff in his hand, whom she beheld, to her surprise, standing in the door of the arbor, and gazing upon her with benignant looks.

"But this would make us all happy," said the maiden, quickly; "for it would cause every body to be so rich, and make the fields, and trees, and the whole earth so bright and beautiful; besides," continued the maiden, who seemed no longer to be surprised at seeing him, or alarmed at his sudden presence; "besides, it would be worthy of His glory as proving His power."

"His power, child," said the old man, calmly, but severely, "is displayed as wonderfully in lending the diamond's brilliancy to a drop of water as in communicating it to a stone. His power, too, is shown in the stars, and in the sea, and in every flower that decks the green earth. God hath manifested himself to all his creation by his visible works. Look around you! Are not the thousand hues and varied forms of the flowers that enrich your garden proofs of His power, wisdom and love?"

"Yet I think if God *could*, He would love to make all the dew drops real gems! They look so pretty while they last, that I am sure they would always look beautiful. There would then be no poor people, as diamonds would be so plenty, and every body would be perfectly happy."

Thus perseveringly did Arly express her desire before the old man, who, though she knew it not, was the **GENIUS OF WISHES**, which she might have discovered by an empty bag which was slung on his back, and a large osier basket without a bottom, which hung on his left arm. She looked up for a reply to her words, and found herself alone.

* * * * *

The ensuing morning, early as the sun himself, Arly, as her custom was, was again in her garden. The rays of the rising sun were dazzlingly reflected from a myriad of

dew drops that clung to every flower, leaf, and spray. It was a resplendent scene—a glorious spectacle!

"Oh," wished Arly, involuntarily, "oh, that all the dew drops would suddenly become diamonds!"

Scarcely had she given utterance to the wish, when on every side she heard a crackling, rustling sound, and beheld the plants and flowers every where sinking heavily towards the earth; some she saw suddenly break short off; thousands of buds and roses, with the dew crystalized upon them, snapped from their stems and strewed the walks; while the trees in the garden and wood swayed and bowed themselves; and many, borne down by the unusual weight of dazzling gems, fell prostrate to the earth!

Arly stood transfixed a few moments, and then realizing the whole, instead of emotions of joy, terror alone filled her breast, and she fled with amazement and wild alarm. The garden walks were strewn with crystalized limbs of trees, the pointed diamonds clustering on the twigs and leaves of which, caught and rent her garments! She then attempted to fly across the lawn, but the sharp points of the diamonds, which hung on every blade of grass, cut her tender feet, and her way was marked with drops of blood!

"Alas, alas," she cried, as she at length reached the house, "what evil have I done in wishing what I have!"

After recovering, in some measure, from her fear and surprise, she ascended to the cupola of the villa, and beheld the whole country dazzling with gems, which, as the sun rose higher, shone so that she could not look upon them, and she descended to her chamber, nearly blinded with the sight.

The whole earth was now covered with diamonds as with morning dew! but the cattle perished for want of the grass which the gems with which it was encrusted prevented their eating; the flowers wilted in the gardens; the fruit withered in its blossom; and the green leaf upon the living tree died before its time! The ploughman could no longer cut the crystalized soil with his iron ploughshare, and seed time and harvest ceased! The birds of the air perished on the wing, and the face of nature became parched, and its vegetation burned up by the fiery brilliancy which was reflected at noon day from the myriad diamonds that covered the earth! At length men began to die—for clouds, unfed by vapor from the earth, no longer formed and floated in the hot and arid atmosphere, and the springs had dried up. Those who yet longer survived walked the gem-strewn ground, vainly crying for food, and laying themselves down on beds of diamonds, miserably perished, cursing God! A

green leaf—a water cress—a wild berry, was now of more value than the most dazzling gem that e'er decked a monarch's crown.

Arly *lived, and suffered, and saw all this!* At length she humbled herself and became penitent and broken-hearted, and besought God's forgiveness for questioning his goodness and mercy and love; and with tears wrung from the deep fountains of her contrite heart she implored Heaven's mercy for man; lest, for *her guilt*, he should utterly perish from off the face of the earth, which had once been so beautiful with its green fields, its waving trees, fragrant flowers, singing birds and happy homes!

While she prayed she heard a voice addressing her, and looking up she beheld beside her the old man who had before visited her.

"Art thou now content, sinful child, that God should govern?" he asked, in a tone of stern reproof.

Arly could only lay her hands upon her forehead, and her forehead in the dust at his feet, which she bathed with tears of penitence. God, who reads the heart when the tongue is silent, knew what she would have answered; and by the mouth of the aged man, who was his appointed minister of good to her, bade her rise and look around her! She obeyed, and lo! she saw the earth clothed in verdant beauty; the green foliage waved in the morning breeze; the birds sang joyously amid their branches; the roses bloomed, and flowers filled the air with fragrance; while on petal, leaf and spray, dew-drops in myriads hung glittering and dancing in the sun-light!

Arly gazed only long enough to be assured that all was real, and then gave utterance to a wild cry of joy, which surprise and gratitude forced from her heart.

She found herself seated in the very spot where she recollected uttering her guilty wish, and in her hand a jessamine which she remembered to have then plucked! *The dew was still fresh upon its leaves, and she then knew that she had dreamed.*

But she had been taught *wisdom and humility*, and from that time she was never known to express a wish that any thing had been otherwise than God, in his providence, had ordered it.

"Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in Heaven, and in Earth."

on we drove, until the voice again fell upon my ear, as the wind flew past me. I now descended from the carriage, exclaiming, "Whence can that piteous moan proceed?" I stepped behind the chaise, and there perceived—do not start, gentle reader—not the figure of a ghost,

"With garments all white,
And features all blue;"

breathing in solemn tones that most awful of all words, "Murder!" but simply, a little interesting fair-haired child, seated on the back of the chaise. "My cloak! my cloak!" uttered in piteous accents, accompanied by many tears, was all the poor little one could say as she leaped down; and sobbing as if her heart would break, endeavored, with her tiny dimpled hand, to release a weather-beaten rag from the wheel. The imploring glance which accompanied the exclamation of "Look here!" I immediately answered by disengaging it for her. It was, indeed, a wretched rag, though, by the scanty clothing underneath it, through which appeared here and there a little naked leg, or a snow-white shoulder, it was evident that even this had been a treasure to her. "And where are you going, my poor child?" asked I, "at this time of night, and on these lonely roads?" "To Durham, sir," she said, still almost choaked with sobs, which did not subside even when she was seated comfortably by me in the chaise. At length, on my asking her if she lived in Durham, she checked her grief, and told me her name was Alice Fell,—that she lived in Durham, and was called there "the little orphan;" and then, as the remembrance of the tattered cloak, which had been her greatest comfort, came across her, she renewed her sobs with an increased violence, which resisted all my endeavors to subdue.

We reached our journey's end, and on entering the tavern, I took my interesting little charge by the hand, while his blue eyes, swimming in tears, were resting on his tattered cloak; and I related her story to the host; then slipping a piece of money into the hand, begged he would purchase the poor child a new cloak; adding, "and let it be a duffle grey, my good host, and the prettiest and warmest that can be purchased."

Two days after this, as I was rambling through some fields in the vicinity of Durham, a pretty little creature, with a small basket on her arm, approached me, and with a blushing face, quietly put into my hand a nosegay of flowers, then ran away ere I had time to recognize in the donor the little orphan Alice. Turning round, however, at a little distance, and perceiving my surprise, she stepped back, raising her pretty blue eyes to mine with a look which told me more than words could possibly have done, and giving me at the same time a sweet smile, touched significantly with one finger the grey cloak she swore; and thinking, probably, that this action was an ample explanation of all, she once more tripped gaily away, looking as if no happiness could possibly exceed that of "the little orphan" in her duffle cloak.

Gratitude is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of youth, and without it, no disposition can be truly amiable in the sight either of our heavenly Father or our fellow-creatures. Let my young readers, therefore, cultivate this good feeling, remembering, that if they really possess it, they may as easily find a way to show it as did the poor and grateful orphan Alice.—[S. E. Ollive.

THE DUFFLE CLOAK.

I was prosecuting my journey one night, the post-boy driving me at a furious rate, when suddenly I heard, or fancied I heard, a lamentable sound, which appeared to me like a moan. It seemed borne on the wind, which, in its varied course, brought it now so so distinctly to my ear that I thought it proceeded from just behind me, and then again carried it so far that I deemed it merely a freak played by that little lover of fun and nonsense, Dame Fancy.

The chaise proceeded, and still I heard it as before: yet now so expressively, that I felt sure it was more than imagination. Stopping the boy, therefore, we both listened attentively; but in vain: all was silent. The post-boy smacked his whip, and

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL MAY DO.

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WHAT A LITTLE GIRL MAY DO.

A little girl in France, only eight years old, went to school, and there heard about the Saviour, and learned to love him. Then she wanted very much to have her mother love him too. But she did not say anything at first. She became more obedient and amiable in her behavior, and tried every way she could to please her mother. Then, she said to her, "Mother, will you not go with me to the church? O, if you knew what good things you would hear there! Ah, you are not saved! Come, mamma, come!" Her mother went; and very soon she also learned to love the blessed Saviour.

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"WHAT DOES A DOG KNOW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT."

He knows that effects are produced by causes, and that like causes will produce like effects; or rather he knows, that is, remembers, that they have done so, and he *believes* that they will continue to do so. What know you beyond this? I have heard you laugh scores of times to see both the dog and the cat scampering down stairs or up stairs, out of the kitchen, as though they were mad, the moment the voice of the cat's-meat man is heard coming round the square, and most impatiently waiting at the street door till his arrival. They know that that voice, at that particular time of the day, has always been followed by a supply of food; and they *believe* that the same effect will continue to follow. When your house-dog hears in the dead of night a footstep approaching the house, he sets up a furious barking, because he believes that noise (the sound of the footstep) would not be produced unless it were caused by the approach of some person. He does not bark at the sound of the wind, nor at the falling of a brick from the house-top near his kennel. Nor does he bark if the strange footfall be accompanied by the voice of his master. If I call him to me, he comes bounding joyously toward me; but if I rub his nose with snuff, he will not come to me again, though I call him never so coaxingly, until he has forgotten the circumstance. And then, if it be not too long afterward, if I shew him the box out of which he saw me take the snuff, he will grin and sidle away, knowing that what I took out of that box was the *cause* of the painful *effects* produced in his nose, and that if he do not keep out of the way of the same *cause*, the same *effects* will be produced again.—[Philosophic Nuts, by Edw. Johnson.



WHAT IS IT TO BE CONSCIENTIOUS :

A DIALOGUE.

Fanny. Aunt Mary, what did you mean when you told cousin Catherine yesterday that you were afraid she was not a conscientious girl ?

Aunt Mary. I am very glad you remember that remark, and I will explain to you what is meant by conscientious, and how you may become so : but we will not dwell on cousin Catherine's faults, for cousins should not try to find out each other's faults, and talk about them ; but, if they know each other to be in fault, kindly speak of it, and remember to avoid doing the same thing themselves.

One who is conscientious *does every thing that she thinks and believes to be right*; as, for instance, when she relates a story, or states *any* thing that she has seen or known, she is very particular to relate it as nearly as possible as she heard it, or as it appeared to her : not because it will please any body, but because she knows that she ought to do it, to be just,—and that to do otherwise would be wrong, and an injury to the person to whom it is related.

If you will listen to me a few moments, I will relate to you an anecdote of a little girl I once knew, by which you will understand what conscientiousness means better than I can explain it any other way.

Caroline Stanton had the misfortune to lose her mother when quite a little infant ; but this severe loss was in some measure made up to her by a kind and affectionate grandmother, who, after her mother died, took her home with her that she might bring her up. Caroline was kind and amiable in her disposition, and her grandmother was very much attached to her, and reposed a great deal of confidence in her.

Now, her grandmother had a closet, in which she used to keep locked up cake, preserves, and many little nice things. When Caroline wished to go into this closet her grandmother would give her the keys, for she thought she was a very honest girl, and would touch nothing that she ought not to : but on one occasion she asked for the keys with an intention to get some jelly ; which, had she asked for, her grandmother would have given her, for she was very indulgent : she however went and helped herself, thinking she should not be found out.

But, under the influence of conscientiousness, she soon began to reflect on the injustice she had been guilty of : she said to herself, “ that jelly was not mine, and I had no right to take it without permission, and therefore I have done very wrong.” Her thoughts troubled her so much, that when she retired to bed she could get no sleep : now, this feeling which kept her awake was *remorse* of conscience. Conscientiousness, as I said before, is that feeling which makes us wish to do right. Now, when Caroline went to get the jelly, it is most like-

ly she *knew* she was doing wrong; and, if that feeling had prevented her from taking it, then she would have acted conscientiously, and have felt happy: but because she did not do what she thought and knew was right, she afterwards felt guilty and unhappy.

Fanny. What did Caroline do—did she tell her grandmother?

Aunt Mary. Yes, my dear, she told her all about it, and asked her to forgive her; but this would have done no good if it had not been the means of making her try to do better ever afterwards. However, in asking forgiveness, she did right, and acted conscientiously; and whenever little girls or boys do any thing they know to be wrong, they should never feel ashamed to confess it; but, on the contrary, should ask those to whom they have done wrong to forgive them; and resolve not to do the same thing again, and then every one will be willing to trust them, and believe whatever they say.

Fanny. Aunt Mary, was not cousin Catherine conscientious when she told me the other day that she would not tell a wrong story, because it would be mean, her father and mother would not love her, and no one would think well of her?

Aunt Mary. No, dear Fanny: not to do that which is wrong only because we think it mean, comes, at least in part, from a feeling of *pride*; and, to refrain from doing it because her father and mother would not love her, was from the fear of losing their affection, not simply because it was *right*; and to do that which is right and just, and say that which is true, to gain the good will of others, is preferring the praise of others to the love of being *really* just and honest.

Children should love their parents and obey them: not merely because by so doing the parents will love them better, but because it is a conscientious *duty* to do so.

P.

WINTER SCENE ON THE CATTERSKILLS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE most striking shades in this engraving are those formed by the half risen moon on the ice and clouds. The moonlight is scantily visible on the trunks of some of the trees, but as its reflection from these objects is in an opposite direction, it is scarcely noticeable, the dark shades of the forest being towards us. The formidable attack which the picture represents as about to be made on that old savage of the forest, a stray bear, by the sportsmen on the right, will do for the entertainment of children, and adds variety to the piece.

This engraving is faithful to nature; and the reader must not forget that the merit of the picture lies in this fidelity. Here almost every tree may be distinguished; and referred to its proper genus, or species.

Some may stumble at the selection of a winter scene, in mid-summer. But the artist insists that it is correct to entertain the eye with frigid pictures in the midst of oppressive and enervating heat. In the same spirit we deck our apartments in winter with shrubbery carefully preserved from the frost, that we may retain some of the tokens of vegetable life under the reign of death. In a word, as we value the portraits of our friends most after they are dead and the living forms are passed away, so the pictures of seasons passed by are more agreeable than sketches of what is now before us.

To those who never visited the north in winter, this engraving will lose much of its interest. It figures to the eye the fraction of a region of evergreens, where even in the midst of winter the forests retain some of their beauty. Mr. Willis says, "The great proportion of evergreen trees, shrubs, and creepers in the American mountains, make the winter scenery less dreary than would be at first imagined. But even the nakedness of the deciduous trees is not long observable. The first snow clothes them in a dress so feathery and graceful, that, like a change in the costume of beauty, it seems lovelier than the one put off; and the constant renewal of its freshness and delicacy, goes on with a variety and novelty which is scarce dreamed of by those who see snow only in cities, or in countries where it is rare."

Though winter has its uses and its charms, yet it is generally accounted a dreary season—an apt emblem of death. The reader may be young—in the spring time of life, or in its vigorous maturity. Let her not forget that winter is near, and that though it approaches by insensible degrees, yet it will soon *be here*. It is, however, a cheering reflection that the soul hath its evergreens. The graces of the Holy Spirit will never wither under the blasts of the destroyer. All else will fade and perish, but these, like the evergreens

of nature, will appear more attractive than ever amidst the desolations of death. Let us prepare for this dreary season. Let us secure the means of entertainment and enjoyment when the vigor and the cheerfulness of youth forsake us. We shall be forward to improve life, if we can learn to look upon it as it is. And what is it? A vapor—a shadow—as a dream when one awaketh—"as a sleep" which, disturbed, seems from the oblivion of its state, to be absolutely nothing.

Time is on the wing. No power can check its progress. Years come and go in swift succession. Each fulfills its errand and flies for ever. But, alas! each carries along with it a faithful report of your aims and deeds, and you shall hear the full echo of its tones, in eternity. Will you remember the period is near when this world will fail you? when this probation with all its uses will be changed to a state of eternal recompense? Your round of earthly pleasures will not be everlasting. The tokens of youth, health, and prosperity which now encourage your devotion to the world, are like a shadow which declineth. 'The rose blooms on your cheek, and the diamond sparkles in your eye; but you will soon fade as the flower, and wither as the parched field. Yes the time is near when your keenest appetites will be dull, your acutest sensibilities blunted, and your liveliest fancy languid. And then your conscience in spite of bribes will execute its office.

But it is possible to anticipate that hour, not only in imagination, but by a sober preparation for its opening scenes. Let us dismiss all levity of thought and behavior, and seriously apply ourselves to the acquisition of true wisdom. Let us put away folly from our lives, and we shall escape its fruits in death. The winter of our being will be crowned with scenes fair, bright and attractive. It will be a season of sunshine—a season of flowers—a season of rich and joyous harvests whose fruits shall be immortal.

Perhaps by a course of Christian diligence as followers of Christ we are preparing to reap that eternal harvest. Well for us if this be the case, and thrice happy for us if we fall not from our steadfastness. But even to such the following lines of an admired poet will not be misapplied.

"Up! Christian, up!—and sleep'st thou still?
Day light is glorious on the hill!
And far advanced the sunny glow
Laughs in the joyous vale below:
The morning shadow, long and late,
Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

Up! Christian, up! thy cares resign!
The past, the future, are not thine!
Show forth to-day thy Savior's praise—
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb."

THE NURSERY.



TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

"Oh look at those soldiers!" exclaimed a little boy, who was gazing from his nursery window, at a troop of the military who were passing. "They prance along so famously on their fine horses, and their swords look so handsome. Oh see, see! what beautiful feathers they have in their caps, and hark! at the fine music. Oh! if I live to be a man, I am determined to be a soldier."

No watchful mother was near him, listening to her child, or she would have tried to correct his errors of judgment, by showing him that the life of a soldier is far from being so desirable as he supposed. Instead of her, there sat by him a youthful nurse, whose eye was as much as his, taken by the dashing appearance of the soldiery. She had come from a foreign land, and she had many anecdotes to tell the little boy, about military scenes, in which her relatives and friends, or the families with whom she lived were concerned. She had seen nothing of the horrors of war, but her young and ardent imagination had been caught by this pomp and pageantry.

The conversations and scenes of that day made a strong impression on the young and excitable Arthur, and from that time the desire to be "a gay soldier," fastened on his mind, and his thoughts, even while he was apparently engaged at play, would continually recur to the brilliant military procession, and to his nurse's animated accounts of her early life. Whenever his indulgent father offered him new playthings, and Arthur was allowed the privilege of selecting them, he never failed to beg for a toy, a sword, or drum or other implement of war, and with these he would employ his play hours in exercising himself in mimic warlike sports.

Months rolled on, and the bent of the little boy's mind was becoming more and more con-

firmed toward war and warlike things, and as yet no eye detected the evil that was lurking in his path; no heart had become alarmed on account of the dangers that menaced him. His mother was too indolent or inattentive, to give heed to the thoughts which filled the minds of her children, or be alarmed by propensities which they exhibited, unless they were actually vicious. His father was an ambitious and worldly-minded man, and if his child's spirit excited him to any emotion, it was that of pride, at seeing him so bold and manly.

But happily, or I should say, providentially, not long since, there came to visit the parents of Arthur, his father's sister. This lady was a pious and intelligent woman, and being moreover very fond of children, she soon contracted great affection for her nephew, who was in his appearance and manners very attractive to strangers. She noticed him so kindly—was so patient with him, and exerted herself so much to make him happy, that she won wonderfully upon Arthur, and he soon opened his little heart freely to her. His aunt was surprised and alarmed to find the passionate desire for military life which had been growing unchecked in his young heart, and she seized every opportunity to try to correct his opinions. Whenever she met with anecdotes calculated to show forth another side to the picture of war, she never failed to read or relate them to Arthur, until at length, the little boy woke from his dreams of fancied happiness, and learned to view a soldier's life and a soldier's occupations in a very different light. One evening she was reading Miss Sedgwick's *Letters from Abroad*, and she stopped a moment to look at Arthur. She wanted to ascertain whether he was in a state of mind to give attention to a passage in that lady's work, which is calculated to leave upon the mind a lively impression of the horrors of war. Finding Arthur favorably disposed, both to listen to her reading, and to reflect upon what he might hear, she explained to him briefly the history of *Waterloo*, and the leading men who were concerned in the bloody tragedy, which has rendered its name so memorable. She then read to him the following passage:

"We drove round the rich wheat fields to *La Haye Sainte*. There is no ground so rich as this battle field. In the spring, the darkest and thickest corn tells where the dead were buried! The German legion, slaughtered at *La Haye Sainte*, are buried on the opposite side of the road, where there is a simple monumet over them.

"Set where thou wilt, thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot, unhallowed by the dead."

"*La Belle Alliance*, where *Wellington* and *Blucher* met after the battle, was pointed out to us; and *Napoleon's* positions, the very spot where he stood when he first desried *Blucher*, and his heart for the last time swelled with anticipated triumph.

"We were shown the places where *Gordon*, *Pickton*, and others of note fell; and there, where the masses lay weltering in blood, the unknown, unhonored, unrecorded, there was

"Horror, breathing from the silent ground."

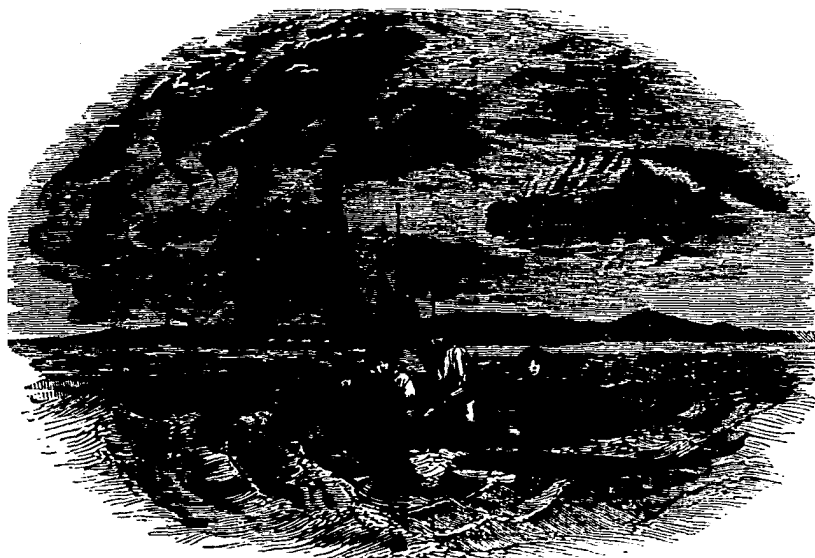
"It was a piteous sight," said our guide, "to see, the next day, the men, with clasped hands, begging for a glass of water. Some had lost one side of the face with a sabre cut; others had their bowels laid open! They prayed us to put an end to their miseries, and said, 'surely God would forgive us.' All the peasauts, men women and children, that had not been driven clear away, came in to serve them; but there were not surgeons for the half of them. They would crawl down to those pools of water and wash their wounds; the waters were red and clotted with blood! Oh, c'est un grand malheur, la guerre, mes dames!" (Oh ladies, war is a great evil,) he concluded."

"Oh! please don't read any more, dear aunt,"

said Arthur, while his eyes filled with tears. "I shall not soon forget that terrible account of the sufferings of the poor soldiers. Never! never! shall I wish to be a soldier again, if it makes me liable to see such distressing sights. Indeed you were right when you told me there were 'two sides to the picture of war.' The one that I, foolish boy, have been looking at so long, had nothing terrible about it; that which you have now just shown me, is all horrible."

"Yes, my love, it is indeed," said his aunt. "Especially is it so, when we think of each of those slaughtered myriads, having had a soul, which by the event of that day, had been driven suddenly before its Maker, there to give an account of the deeds done by it in the body. War when viewed in this light, becomes truly awful, and Christians may well look forward to the time, when its horrors shall no longer be known in our world; and when in its stead, peace and love shall reign every where!"

[Chris. Observer.]



PAUL PERCIVAL PURSUED BY A SHARK.

THE
PERILS OF PAUL PERCIVAL;*
OR,
The Young Adventurer.

BY REV. J. YOUNG, M.A.

CHAPTER V.

I think I see the stripling now,
In all the pride of youth:
And though exposed to punishment,
He proudly owns the truth.
Falsehood's disgrace he nobly shuns,—
With Heaven he leaves his fate;
And proves rewards and honors too,
The love of truth await.

A GREAT deal has been said by some writers, themselves men of learning too—to prove that “a little learning is a dangerous thing;” now, however beautiful such a declaration may sound in metre, we think it limps rather sadly in the jingle of matter of fact. If a little learning is a dangerous thing, then certainly our youth ought not to seek the possession of one, until in the enjoyment of a great deal. To make such a statement would be about as wise as to say, that no person should go into the water for fear of being drowned, until he has learned to swim, or to cross a horse until he is a good rider.

We do not think that a *little* learning is so good as a *good deal*, nor do we know any point at which a student should cry—*satis*.

* Continued from page 104.

But with all deference to the judgment of those who differ from us in opinion, and, albeit we possess not a tithe of their knowledge, we, notwithstanding can tell them what is far more dangerous to young persons' reputation and comfort than a *little* learning—*no learning at all!* With a little learning an industrious youth may make his way, and if he imitates the man who husbands well a little property, may depend upon soon obtaining more.

We have been led to these observations from the circumstances in which Paul was placed, on entering on board the noble ship which was to convey him—

“Far from home, and all its pleasures.”

The stock of learning with which Paul was furnished was of a slender kind, and yet it will be seen, in the sequel, that the little he did possess proved to him of incalculable service.

He was now one among a crew of sixty-four persons, and like the celebrated Richard Wittington, before he sent his cat on a venture to the East, had his fortune yet to seek. He was a stranger among a strange mixture of personages; men of different ages, tastes, information and countries, made up the motley company. Some were professors of one form of religion, and some of an other, but most of none at all. Yet what had Paul to fear more than another?—*nothing*. Indeed he felt he was going forth as he had gone before, beneath the sheltering

influence of, what by him was considered a tower of strength—*his mother's blessing*. There was in that blessing a mystic charm, a sustaining power to the heart of Paul, which made him—

“To dismay a constant stranger,
Toil and pain he smiled to bear;
Though by sea and land a ranger,
He felt happy everywhere.”

On entering on board a ship no formal introductions are required to bring different persons acquainted with each other. One mass taken, and the partners of it are as intimate as brothers.

Paul's cheerful disposition and evenness of temper soon gained for him many friends, and before they had cleared the Channel he had more proofs than one of the good feeling of his shipmates toward him.

None but sailors know how tiresome and vexatious it is to be becalmed, or what is almost the same thing, having to wait for a fair wind. The hours of each new day seem to get longer than the past ones, or to pass away more slowly than those which have preceded. A thousand expedients are resorted to to beguile “dull care;” and when after having whistled long for a fair wind, no favorable change takes place, he is considered the best man who can devise some new amusement for the mind.

All this was felt by Paul and his companions. The aid of a steamer had been obtained to tow the ship as far as the Land's End, and there it left her. Scarcely a breath of wind was then felt, nor was even a ripple to be seen upon the surface of the sleeping ocean; and when after a day or two it did come, it was right in their teeth. So it continued for three weeks, without variation, and there the ship continued to ride at anchor.

During all this time the agility of the sailors was put to the test by manning the yards, bending the sails taking in and letting out reefs, and such-like exercises; for idleness is not found in a ship's vocabulary.

Paul had been sent out on the trysail-boom for the purpose of clearing the trysail, which had fouled. He had performed his task well, and was preparing to come in, when the boom swung, and Paul made what the sailors call a “plumb spot.” The cry was directly passed fore-and-aft—“A man overboard!” and with the quickness of thought two or three seamen leaped into the boat alongside, and pulled away for the spot where he fallen. Before they reached it, however, he had risen, and was swimming like a sea-fowl. In consequence of a strong flowing tide, Paul was carried a great way from the ship, and as he continued to strike

out manfully, he afforded much amusement for the sailors, who crowded along the waist, looking at him.

Those in the boat continued to row after him, but before they had reached the brave swimmer, an appalling cry from one of the lookers-on of "A shark! a shark!" apprised Paul of his danger, and filled all who beheld it with alarm and terror. It was indeed true that one of those rapacious creatures had strayed thus far, and with greedy haste was pursuing its prey.

"Dip your stroke-oar, and bend your bower!" shouted a powerful voice; "strain her hard, my boys!" cried the boatswain, and the men pulled away until the boat made a trough in the water.

Had it not been for the peril in which Paul was now placed, the sight would have been a splendid one; but as it was, nothing could be more terrific. The frightful monster gained on him, while with open mouth he scudded through the sea, his treble row of teeth in each jaw stood erect, and ready to be dyed with the blood of the youth.

Paul still struck out with vigor, while loud shoutings from the crew, both to encourage their young favorite and to alarm the shark, became almost deafening. Once the creature made a bite, but missed his aim, and Paul, with an extra effort, swam hard for his life. Again an attempt to seize him was made, and again he escaped. The waters were lashed to foam by the shark's speedy motion, and once more he extended his jaws to the their utmost extent, when the boat came alongside him; but he appeared to see no object but Paul, and just as the fatal gripe was about to be made, one of the sailors thrust a boat-hook between his jaws, and stopped his career. But even at this it bit savagely, and struggled to proceed. In a few minutes, however, the conflict ended, and the dead shark and the living Paul were both on the same deck. A loud "huzzza," three times repeated, followed the action from the ship's crew, who, as Paul reached the gangway, received him with a hearty salute, and bore him to his berth to get "dry rigging."

The ship continued wind-bound, and no prospect of a change appeared. To lay so long, almost within sight of home and his mother, and yet not be able to visit them, was painful to the affectionate Paul. It was a prolongation of the grief he had experienced as he bade them farewell. He felt a desire he could not control to see them once more ere he left England; but a strong prohibition had been issued, forbidding any person's leaving the ship on any pretence whatever, under pain of severe punishment.

Of this Paul was aware; he had thought so long upon the thing that he at length determined to visit them again, and a favorable opportunity offering, he embraced it, and went. His stay was short, and he succeeded in returning to the ship without his absence having been discovered by the officers.

On sea, as on shore, there are found mischief-makers—persons who delight in being officious, and rendering others miserable, although themselves are not profited by it. These are mean and despicable creatures wherever found, and merit the scorn and loathing of all men. One such on board Paul's ship had discovered by some means that a person had been absent from his mess, without knowing who the individual was. Supposing, however, he

knew enough to answer his purpose, he communicated secretly what he had learned, and on the following morning the report went round, that an inquiry was to take place on the subject.

Paul's messmates of course well knew who the person was that had been "absent without leave," and so, too, did the mess on each side of them; but they determined to a man not to "split," as they called it, and advised him to stick to it, when asked, that he had not been on shore. Each of the sailors declared they would swear to it for him, or even take a journey through the fleet to save him from punishment.

"I can't do that," observed Paul, "for I know I have been on shore."

"Can't do it, my Briton!" cried a rough tar, "and why not, eh? I say you can and *shall* do it."

"I would n't tell a known and deliberate falsehood about it," returned Paul, "if by so doing I could escape two dozen lashes."

"Nonsense, my hearty!—not to escape two—what! rather take a couple of dozen!"—stammered out an astonished, weather-beaten main-top-man; "well, now, that's what I calls pluck, howsomd-ever."

"It's no good to stand palavering," observed the first speaker; "Paul must be saved. I say," he added, turning to our hero, "you must do as I say: but mum—here comes a middy. Stick to it," he whispered, and at that moment all hands were piped on deck, to witness the example which was intended to be made of the culprit, should he be detected.

The examination took place in form. Each man in Paul's mess declared that neither themselves nor any of their mates had been absent on the previous day. But when Paul stood forth, and was asked, "Were you on shore yesterday?"—although he felt grieved to falsify the statement of his messmates, who had done what they did for his sake, he, notwithstanding, replied with a modest boldness, "I was, sir."

"Oh, you were, were you!" cried Mr. Hardstone, the first lieutenant; "well, then, you may as well prepare for your deserts."

The frankness with which he had made the statement, and the reason he assigned for going, won for him the favor of the captain. He admired his love of truth, and after he had commented on the impropriety of his conduct, observed—

"Such a conscientious regard for truth merits especial notice and favor. I shall be able to trust him," he continued, "on future occasions. It is no small advantage to have such a person on board a ship. Instead, therefore, of the punishment he might have expected, I shall not only pass by the offence, but promise to stand his friend in future." A buzz of approval of the captain's decision passed round the crew, and the sailors returned to their duty, highly gratified.

Such conduct was alike honorable to the captain and to Paul, and may tend to prove the advantage which stands connected with a love of the truth. Had a falsehood been told, even supposing detection had not followed, the friendship of the captain would not have been experienced, and the after-benefits could not have been realized.

At length the fair wind, so long wished for, came. All was instant bustle, without confusion. Every man was at his post, and did his duty.

The anchor was weighed, and, in all the pride of nautical beauty, the gallant ship glided like a thing of life over the watery way.

Now it was that a feeling came over Paul, such as he had never before experienced. Had he sailed at once without being detained in the way he had been, he would have escaped it; the excitement of the moment would then have absorbed every other; but as it was he felt unspeakable things. He was being borne onward to a strange land, an exile from country and friends. He was on board the ship which would carry him thousands of miles from those to whom he was bound, not merely by the *pledges* of affection, but by affection itself, and that too of the strongest kind; and until the lessening cliffs of the land of his birth were reduced to a mere speck in the horizon, or faded altogether from vision, he gazed upon it with an enthusiasm of mournful feeling, and felt as if he envied the cattle which browsed in its valleys, or grazed on the sides of its hills, and the birds which occasionally alighted on its ground. His voyage was a prosperous and a speedy one, for, at the end of four months and a few days, the vessel sailed up the Bay of Bengal, and he landed on the distant shores of India.

The advantages which Paul derived from his little learning, united with the favor of his captain—which favor his regard for truth had obtained for him, were now about to be realized, in fact, all that was prosperous in his after-life resulted from it notwithstanding the many and singular hardships he was yet destined to undergo, and the numerous perils to which he became exposed.

The ship had scarcely been at sea one month, when the young man whom the captain had engaged as his clerk, died, and with a degree of generosity rarely equalled, he called Paul into the cabin, and inquired of him what kind of education he had received. With his usual frankness, Paul informed him, and although it was far below that which his late clerk had possessed, still he concluded it would be sufficient to answer his purpose, with a little assistance at first; and chiefly out of the respect in which he held Paul, because of his love of truth, he appointed him to the vacant situation.

The opportunities which were now furnished the young adventurer to improve himself in learning were gladly laid hold on. His attention to his duties attracted the captain's notice, and received his approval; while the propriety, regularity, and dispatch which he displayed in his new station both satisfied and pleased him, so that by the time they had reached India, Paul had made so much progress in learning, as well as secured the permanent favor of the captain, that his generous commander employed his interest to obtain for him a situation of greater respectability and value.

The place of their disembarkation was Madras, where the captain had a distant relative, who held high office in the East India Company's service, through whom he hoped to be able to secure for Paul an engagement in which his activity might be employed, and his assiduity properly rewarded. With this object in view, he dispatched our hero immediately on their landing, with a letter of introduction and recommendation to the gentleman in question.

The reception which Paul here met was all he could have expected or wished. His ingenuousness

greatly interested the captain's friend, and he promised that all the assistance he could afford should be cheerfully given him. The first object of the gentleman was to have procured for him a situation under government in the civil department, as a writer; but in this he was disappointed, notwithstanding the great interest he possessed. The celebrated college of Haileybury had never yielded to Paul its powerful assistance, and without having studied in that distinguished seminary, admission to office under the government in India was not possible.

Thus disappointed in his sanguine hopes, Paul began to despair of realizing what his fertile imagination had pictured; but not so with his friend;—the very circumstance of want of success in his application determined him to take the young aspirant under his own protection, and to be himself the builder of his fortune: he did so, and for a time engaged him about his person. And here again, as in the case of the captain, he succeeded in completely securing the favor of his patron.

Too many young men who go out to the East, forget their own respectability, and the advantage of their employers, by yielding to the prevailing habit of the country, and becoming drunkards. Such was the case with nearly the whole of those who were engaged under this gentleman. They were young in years, but from habits of intemperance had become old in constitution. It was here, especially, that Paul gained advantage; he was almost a solitary exception of sobriety, and by his decorous habits not only retained his health firm and unimpaired, while others ruined their constitutions and characters by a contrary course of conduct, but proved his high qualification, notwithstanding his youth, for a station of considerable trust in the interior of the country, on an estate which was the personal property of his kind friend.

The station referred to was a settlement on the banks of the river Burda, whose tributary streams are emptied into the Godavery, and which, because of the fertilizing benefits it confers upon the extensive country through which it meanders, is esteemed, like the mighty Ganges, sacred. To this place, after residing at Madras about twelve months, Paul was sent, where he entered upon his advanced fortune with the steadiness of character which ripener years would not have been ashamed to display.

Before his journey into the interior, Paul had written at several periods to his mother, from whom he had also received pleasing communications two or three times. He had also been able to transmit to her some money, which by industry and frugality he contrived to save. But now a considerable difficulty was thrown in his way of regularly corresponding with home; still as often as he could, he both wrote and sent remittances. He had already been in India upward of four years, during which time he had from his salary, which was a very liberal one, and some successful ventures he had made in trading, saved a considerable sum, the whole of which he sent to England by a safe conveyance, intending at the end of another year to visit home in person.

Thus far things had gone smoothly with Paul in India. His *mother's blessing* still cheered him in his solitude, and appeared like a bright star above, to guide and encourage him, while the pleasing hope of meeting her again soon rendered his state

of exile tolerable. He viewed, with gratitude to his kind patron and thankfulness to God, his present prosperous condition, and looked forward to the period with delight, when he should be able to prove it by deeds rather than by words.

How uncertain are the most flattering prospects of human life, and on what an uncertain tenor do we not hold our most stable possession and brightest enjoyments! The calm and even course which Paul had run, since his settling in the interior of India, seemed to warrant the expectation of a long and unchanged continuance. Such, however, was not to be the case. A trivial circumstance led to its entire destruction.

Some business of importance required him to visit Calcutta, and before leaving off he deputed, as he had before done, a person on the Burda estate to superintend the affairs during his absence. All his arrangements being made, he set off, without a thought of misgiving entering his mind, that anything unpleasant would arise from the journey. The only partner of his travel was a native of Burda: he had long been on the estate, and from his usefulness in his station, a greater measure of freedom was allowed him than many of his fellow-servants enjoyed. The indulgence he was favored with he abused; and forgetting his situation in life, assumed a degree of consequence highly improper; his own importance was felt so much that restraint or rebuke became highly offensive to him.

As Paul proceeded toward Calcutta in company with this native, they halted at two or three places on the way for the purpose of procuring refreshment. Paul soon perceived that Iracco, his attendant, indulged more freely in strong drink than to him appeared proper; he therefore, in the most friendly way, recommended him to abstain from a habit, which, if continued in would certainly prove highly injurious to him. The advice, however, was received with the most ungracious feeling. The pride of the native was hurt, and having already taken more than accorded with the rules of sobriety, he proceeded so far as even to quarrel with his master. This is no uncommon thing in drunken persons; it is, however, exceedingly wrong, leading often to ruinous results, and would go to prove, if other proof did not exist, the evil of indulging our depraved passions. Still Iracco continued to drink—

“Putting an enemy into his mouth
To steal away his senses.”

Complete intoxication followed, and Paul was under the necessity, after placing the sottish fellow beneath the care and keeping of the person of the house, to proceed the remainder of his journey alone.

On his return from Calcutta, Paul found his servant where he had left him, perfectly sober. Again he spoke to him in terms of gentle kindness of the folly of his past conduct, and at the same time intimated, that unless he desisted from so evil a habit, he should be obliged, on his return to Burda, to report his conduct, and deliver him over to punishment.

The address was listened to in sullen silence, occasionally his copper-colored countenance assumed a livid hue, and his eye flashed fire, as if some strong inward commotion was going forward. A deadly offence was received by Iracco never to be forgiven. He made no reply, but secretly vowed

revenge. The admonitory voice of friendship sounded hateful in his ears, and his pride spurned the hand which would have blessed him.

In order to execute his secretly formed purpose, he determined, immediately on reaching the estate, to commence a plan which would not fail to crown his diabolical intention with success.

The influence which Iracco possessed among his fellows was very considerable. His shrewd and cunning character had often proved itself, by leading those employed with him just as his mind determined. No sooner had he arrived at Burda, than he commenced his operations, by forging a tale respecting Paul and his conduct, which excited a strong feeling in the minds of the natives against him, although until this time he was almost worshipped by them. Each man, led on by Iracco, vowed to avenge the supposed insult their countryman had received. Only one, out of nearly three hundred, secretly dissented. He was, however, so watched as to render it impossible for him to acquaint Paul with the dark plot which was forming against him, and which was nothing less than to fire the house in which he resided, and destroy him in the flames.

The night on which the plot was to be executed came. It was a dark and wild one, and well suited to their purpose. The hour of midnight arrived; quiet reigned through all the place: and while Paul lay sleeping in his bed, unconscious of danger, the murderers in intention, stole forth, like so many demons, on their work of death. The lighted brand was applied to the fragile building, and in a few minutes the whole was enveloped in a destructive and fiercely raging fire. The natives looked on, and shouted with the glee of satanic spirits at the ruin they had wrought. Piece by piece the building fell, and in a brief period the whole was a smouldering pile of ruin.

No doubt was entertained that Paul had perished in the flames. He had neither been seen nor heard of. In this, however, they were mistaken. Favored by the darkness of the night, the faithful native stole into the building, and just as the flames had seized upon the bed on which Paul slept, reached the spot. One moment's delay, and both would perish. With an herculean grasp the athletic Indian seized on the sleeping youth, and before he was perfectly awake rushed with him through the cracking and falling portions of the building, toward the back door. As he descended a flight of steps, they gave way, and both were precipitated into a burning heap of rubbish. Once more the native rose, and raising Paul, urged him to speed and silence. They succeeded in gaining the yard, and, passing over the inclosure, fled for their lives across the open country, while the loud yells of the savage destroyers still rang in their ears as they went. At a but some distance off, the native procured Paul a few clothes, and they then, after crossing the river Burda, proceeded with all the haste they could toward Madras. Having reached that place, a report was made of the insurrection, and the ringleader of the plot was afterwards punished.

Paul's patron as well as himself, feared, that to venture to Burda again would be to place his life in considerable peril. The revengeful character of the natives was well known, and he therefore wished his young favorite to accept another situa-

tion in the vicinity of Kalunga ; but Paul respectfully declined the kind and liberal offer, stating as his reason, the desire which he felt to return to England: Having rewarded the faithful native who had saved his life, and made his full preparation for his intended voyage, he took an affectionate leave of the gentleman who had performed the part of a father to him in his exiled state, and, with fond anticipations of again, in a few months, beholding and enjoying the meeting with his mother and brothers and sisters, he embarked, and bade a final adieu to the shores of India, after sojourning there nearly five years, and saving a sum of money which he hoped would, with management and care, lay the foundation for an easy competency for himself and kindred on his arrival in dear England.

CHAPTER VI.

Daylight had waned, and night came on,
And with it signs portentous came ;
Fierce gusts roared loud, blue lightnings shone,
And fringed the lurid clouds with flame :
Louder and louder yelled the blast,
Ocean yawned wide, a soundless grave,
Each shipman deemed this hour his last,
But Providence was near to save.

WHAT strange changes does not a short period sometimes bring about, so that the real events of life have in them all the wonderful incidents of a fairy tale of enchantment. A few years only had passed and the youthful Paul, who had almost been driven from his native village by an ignorant and lawless rabble, and had entered on his voyage to the East without a friend and without money, was now returning in the possession of funds at home, as well as with him, while a host of individuals had been raised up to assist him in his necessities, and to protect his person.

The ship in which Paul had taken his passage was a fine one, and the accommodations she afforded excellent: her crew, however, as is common in such vessels, was made up of persons of all nations; still they were mostly good and experienced sailors. She had been chartered for the British East India Company's service, and was freighted principally with rice for England.

On taking his place on board, Paul found several persons, who, like himself, were passengers to his native country. Several of these were intelligent and agreeable, and promised fair to be pleasant companions during a long voyage. The respectability of Paul's appearance, and the ease and affability of his manners, soon made his company welcome with the inmates of the chief cabin. Every thing seemed to promise a pleasant voyage, and all on board were in the highest spirits, looking forward to a quick run, and pleased with the company of each other.

It was early in the month of April when the anchor was weighed, and with a light but favorable breeze they left Sagur Roads, and proceeded on their voyage. Nothing material took place during their progress, until the beginning of the following June, at which time they had reached the latitude of about 35° south, and 28° 40' east longitude.

A change of weather now took place, and Paul first began to fear, since he commenced the passage, that fresh perils awaited him; their precise character, however, could not of course be determined by him. Still a misgiving did not enter his mind, that the days of his tranquillity were again to be broken up; but in the midst of his most gloomy

forebodings, his mother's blessing came to his recollection, and the consolation and comfort it had so often afforded still were experienced by him.

The sky suddenly became obscured, and heavy masses of strangely formed clouds rolled with portentous appearance above their heads, and scudded with wild speed before strong gusts of howling wind. The experienced eyes of the seamen saw and judged of the tempest they had to expect. They were not wrong in the conjecture they had formed. The storm continued to increase in violence, the wind blowing terribly from the eastward, until a gale of no ordinary kind was experienced. They had continued to shorten sail as the tempest advanced, and at length were obliged to lay-to under their mizen-stay-sail.

During the whole of the six following days the storm continued to blow hard from the east, and each day it seemed to increase in strength and fury, until, on the 7th, what with the mountainous waves of the sea and the mad raging of the winds, a scene of horror was presented, such as perhaps few who have traded on the world of waters ever witnessed. All description, though given by the most powerfully descriptive pen, would fail to present more than a faint idea of its fearful character. The elements appeared as if they had entered into hostilities with each other. The sky and the sea seemed at times united; nature herself looked as if threatened with destruction. At one moment the ship stood poised and trembling upon the pinnacle of a lofty mountain of water, to which the summits of the Alps or Apennines formed no comparison, and then she dived swiftly down a gaping abyss, as if the caverns of the mighty deep had received her.

The perpetual roaring of the elements echoing through the void, produced such an awful sensation in the minds of the most experienced of the seamen, that several of them appeared for some time in a state bordering on stupefaction, while those less accustomed to the dangers of the sea, or to its wildest scenes, gave additional horror to the uproar by their shriekings and exclamations of terror.

Amid this fearful exhibition, and when the hardest trembled, Paul remained calm and unmoved; and while aid was required, exerted himself to the utmost to render it; for, as on past occasions, his mind turned to one attractive point, and there he steadily fixed the gaze of his interior eye—his mother's blessing.

This had a charm, though all others might fail,
When seas rolled in mountains, and thundered the gale :

This cheered up his spirits, and saved from despair:
He smiled, for his mother's soft blessing was there !

The terrors of the day could only be surpassed by those of the night. As the darkness drew on, it is beyond the powers of man to describe, or even for created imagination to conceive, a scene of more complicated or sublime horror. Blue lightnings blazed around with a vividness and intensity, such as could not fail to remind every beholder of the period, when

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, yea, the great globe itself,
And all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

To fill up the measure of the calamities of the

crew on board this fated ship, about the hour of midnight a sudden shift of wind threw the vessel into the trough of the sea, which striking her right abaft, tore away the rudder, started the steam-post from the wood-ends, and shattered the whole of her stern-frame.

The instant the shock had partially subsided, the pumps were sounded, and in the course of a few minutes, the water was found to have increased four feet: a party was immediately ordered to the pumps, and the remainder were employed in getting up rice out of the run of the ship, and heaving it overboard, in order, if possible, to get at the leak. After three or four hundred bags had been thrown into the sea, the principal injury was discovered, through which the water poured with astonishing rapidity. In order therefore to decrease as much as possible the deluging stream, sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin, and every thing that was available, were thrust into the aperture. Had not these exertions been made and attended with success, the ship must, without a question, have gone down, although the pumps delivered fifty tons of water an hour.

Never did a company of unhappy beings long more earnestly, or pray more devoutly for the return of day, than did Paul and his unfortunate companions in peril. At length it came, and as it advanced the weather began to moderate. The sailors worked manfully at the pumps, and every exertion was made to keep the ship afloat. At this time she was struggling with her fate, at about two hundred miles distant from the eastern coast of Africa.

On the morning of the ninth day since the commencement of the storm, the violence of the waves had somewhat subsided, although the swell of the sea was still tremendous. The long-boat was now ordered out; but the captain having reason to suspect that some of the crew would endeavor to make their escape in her from the ship, directed the second mate and three seamen to take possession of her, and at the same time, having provided them with arms, gave orders to shoot the first man who attempted to board her without his permission. The mate was also instructed to keep astern, yet to stick by the ship until they came to an anchor.

The orders which the captain had prudently given were attended to with promptitude, and as soon as the men had taken their stations in the boat, a raft was ordered to be made of all the large spars, which was accordingly done. The whole of this frail preparation for the sea being lashed together, measured about thirty-five feet in length, and fifteen in breadth. At this time, the captain apprehended the ship could not make the land, and being convinced, in case of her going down, that all the people could not be received into the long-boat, determined not to neglect any measure that presented even a chance of saving the whole.

The prospect which Paul had now before him was gloomy in the extreme. The perils of his Greenland excursion seemed to bear no comparison to those by which he was at present threatened; still he fainted not, but by his cheerful example stimulated the seamen and others to hope and exertion.

At the time the second mate was preparing to obey the captain's orders, and take the command of the boat, a circumstance occurred worthy of notice,

as tending to show the effect which fear may sometimes have upon even a strong and brave mind. The carpenter, who was an old and tried sailor, came to the commander, and in a respectful tone and manner addressed him, earnestly entreating that he might be allowed to leave the ship.

"Leave the ship!" exclaimed the captain, with surprise and anger, "what mean you? to you we look for help in our present circumstances; why are you not, as your duty dictates you should be, attending the pumps?"

"Sir," replied the carpenter, bursting into tears, "I feel your reproof, but it avails not."

"And wherefore," demanded the captain, "are you not still the brave man which on former occasions I have found you?"

"To stick by the ship now, sir," returned the man, "would not be bravery, but madness; the whole of the stern-frame is so shook and loosened, that in less than an hour the ship must go down."

"Then let her go down," exclaimed the captain, "and though all should desert her, yet will I do my duty, and stick to her while a ray of hope cheers my own mind, or the shadow of a possibility of saving her exists."

The miserable appearance of the trembling man, and the pathetic tone of voice in which he delivered his apprehensions, tended very considerably to increase the fears already entertained by the crew. This the captain perceived, and knowing what was likely to result from such a circumstance, once more addressed the carpenter:

"You have heard my resolution: are you still a coward?"

"I have said, sir, already," replied the trembling carpenter, "that it is not courage, but madness now to continue in the ship. Let me, I beseech you, leave her."

"Such trifling at such a time is criminal," replied the captain; "already has your cowardice spread its influence among the crew; now hear me once for all," he added with vehemence, "if you return not instantly to your duty, and use all your efforts too in encouraging the people at the pumps, I will order you immediately to leave the ship, but it shall be by having you thrown overboard."

The determined tone of the captain produced the desired effect. The carpenter hesitated no longer, but returning to the pumps, continued to do his duty to the last with manly perseverance.

And now a fresh scene of confusion and distress was presented, which tended to add to what was already experienced. No sooner had the carpenter retired, than many of the seamen thronged about the captain, urging upon him their desires to quit the ship directly. The clamor of the excited men defied all attention to propriety, and although a variety of opinions influenced them, still they appeared on the point of proceeding to extremities, and by that means secure without doubt their own destruction; for had the captain given his sanction, which he wisely and determinately withheld, the very attempt to leave the vessel, in their divided state of opinion, would have frustrated their scheme, and rendered it abortive.

The crew of the ship we have already stated was composed of persons of all nations, and hence a great variety of dispositions and prejudices would naturally exist, some arising from religion, and others from national peculiarities. It required,

therefore, no small measure of prudence to direct such a company of men, so as not to offend one party, by seeming to yield too much to the peculiar notions of others. And here again the captain displayed a degree of penetration of character, which had no small portion of influence in saving those who were saved, and may furnish an example worthy the imitation of commanders, who may be placed in similar circumstances.

At a period when the tempest was raging with the utmost violence, and despair had already fastened upon a portion of the crew, the captain gave orders that most of the men who were below, and particularly the Lascars, should work the pumps. No sooner had the command been given, than one of the Lascars was perceived coming up the gangway with a handkerchief in his hand, and on being questioned what he was to do, he replied, in a tone which discovered his perfect confidence in the efficacy of the measure he proposed:

"I am going to make an offering to my God. This handkerchief," he added, holding it up as he spoke, "contains a prescribed quantity of rice, and all the rupees I am worth in the world: suffer me to lash it to the mizen-top, and rely upon it, sir, we shall all be saved."

For an instant the captain looked on this simple child of superstition, and knowing as he did the folly of such a measure, was on the point of ordering him back again to the pumps, but the thought suddenly entered his mind, that, by so doing he should throw both him and his countrymen into a state of despondency, and thereby lose the benefit of their exertions. He gave the requested license, adding—

"Go, my good fellow, and perform in haste what you consider to be your duty aloft, and then return and perform your duty below."

The grateful look of the Lascar was mute eloquence; his dark eye brightened; his breast heaved with freer respiration, and bounding from the captain's presence, he seemed to fly up to the rolling mast-head, and without displaying a sign of fear, lashed the handkerchief, with the offering it contained, to the mizen-top mast-head, and in the twinkling of an eye stood again safely on the deck.

Confident now that the God whom he had propitiated would be the captain's friend, he went below, and informed his brethren that the sacrifice had been performed: instantly a burst of transport arose from the delighted Lascars; they embraced their brave and virtuous companion, as they called him, and then labored at the pumps with a degree of alacrity and perseverance, as if neither fatigue or apprehension had before affected them. To their unceasing labors was owing in a great measure, the preservation of the people.

Fortunately for the unhappy mariners, the shift of wind which had thrown the ship into the trough of the sea, and carried away part of her rudder, was of short continuance; for at the end of about a quarter of an hour it was over, as the wind came round to its former quarter, and moderated gradually. Had it continued but a short period longer, the ship must beyond all doubt have been torn to pieces.

As soon as the long-boat had been committed to the care of the second mate, and the raft was completed, the captain called together his officers, with whom he consulted as to the best course for them

now to pursue. One opinion possessed the whole, and that was the utter impossibility which existed of saving the ship, and that therefore the only chance that now remained, by which to save their lives, was to make for the land, and run her on shore.

The issue of these consultations was immediately communicated to the crew, and the effect produced upon them was strikingly apparent. They recommenced their labor with renewed spirits, and continued without drooping or murmuring at the pumps. Still further to stimulate them in their present conduct, assurances were given them of their soon being within sight of land, and that by working the pumps without ceasing, the ship might be kept afloat until they reached the shore.

For some considerable time the vessel had been unmanageable, frequently standing with her head from the land, which all the efforts they employed could not present. This serious defect could only be remedied by getting a new rudder made, and this they soon accomplished, manufacturing one out of the top-mast, and fixing it in the place of the one they had lost. This was found, however, to be of little or no use, without the help of the long-boat, which the captain ordered to be placed immediately athwart her stern, and this served, though not without considerable difficulty, to get the ship's head toward the shore, the wind being variable from the eastward.

On the evening of the 13th, as the setting sun

"with yellow radiance lighted all the vale,"

and threw his broad orient beams over the wide expanse of waters, tending to give sublimity and awe to the imposing scene, the long-looked-for and glorious sight of land was discovered at about six leagues distance. A thrill of wild delight ran through the inmates of that tempest-beaten ship, and loud shouts and continued exclamations of joy declared how much the sufferers felt. Still the ship kept nearing the shore, with five feet of water in her hold, and still the crew pumped with panting labor, and shouted with rapturous joy.

As daylight dawned on the following morning, the eyes of the steady watches were turned to the direction in which the land was. And now they found they had reached the shore within two miles, the wind still blowing from the eastward. This was a moment of peculiar excitement. The captain ordered the anchor should be let go, that a last effort might be made to save the ship by stopping the leaks. But it was found that her stern was so shattered that that hope failed, and after holding another consultation with his officers, it was finally resolved, as the only resource now left them, to run the ship on the coast, which seemed to invite them.

This resolution resulted not merely from the present crippled state of the ship's hull, but from the appearance of another gale, which already seemed on the eve of bursting upon them; so that no time was to be lost.

During all this time Paul's mind had been so occupied by the numerous engagements to which he had voluntarily attended, as to be unable to direct it to any of the surrounding objects; but now, as the resolution to run the ship ashore was announced, he thought upon his past situation on the coast of Greenland, and commenced making such prepara-

tion^s for his disembarkation as prudence and his circumstances would permit: and having so done, he stood calmly prepared for whatever might be his lot:

The hands that had saved him before,
He well knew could save him again,
And he inwardly turned to implore
That protection—nor sought it in vain.

The command was given by the captain, that the second mate, who was still in the boat, should come on board, which having done, the gallant commander delivered into his officer's custody the ship's register, and all the other papers of consequence which he possessed. These prudential measures having been adopted, the captain next provided the mate and his three men with water and provisions, and once more dismissed them to the boat, with orders to keep in the offing, and that as soon as they saw the ship fairly on shore, they were to seek for some inlet or bay, into which they might run with safety. Directions were likewise given that they should look out for signals which would be occasionally thrown out to direct his course. These orders the mate promised faithfully to attend to, and then left the ship to perform his commission.

The place at which the ship had arrived was the coast of Caffraria, within a few leagues of where the river Infanta empties itself into the sea. A dreadful crisis now approached, to which even the stoutest heart could not look forward without a sensation of deep anxiety: still all determined and agreed to meet it with the fortitude of men.

Once again taking his stand on the quarter-deck, the captain directed that the head-sail should be set, and that the spring should be hove well taught, in order to get the ship's head toward the shore, and that then the cable and spring should at once be cut. His orders were obeyed with precision and promptitude, and the result answered his expectations.

After running until within something less than half-a-mile of the shore, the gallant vessel struck on a cluster of rocks. The swell at that moment was tremendous, and in consequence of the ship's plunging so violently, it was scarcely possible for the men to maintain their hold. In this fearful situation she remained for three or four minutes, when a sea of mountain magnitude lifted her completely over the rocks, and carried her about a cable's length nearer the shore, when she again struck, and continued heaving in with a dreadful surf, which every moment made a breach over her.

The circumstances of the half-drowned crew every instant became more and more painful. The lashings which had held the raft they had prepared gave way, and some of the spars of which it was composed were driven a considerable distance away from that quarter, therefore all hope of deliverance by that means perished. In this moment of heart-felt misery, Paul displayed the energy of his character; with a bold intrepidity he plunged into the foaming sea, and battled nobly with the roaring element. Now his exertions seemed more than human, while the crew beheld with admiration his endeavors to gain the lost raft. At length he succeeded, and seated himself on it like a conqueror, to draw breath. Scarcely had he recovered his almost lost power of respiration, when the whole was turned upside down, and Paul was lost in the billows of the angry sea; in a few minutes he re-

gained his former seat, and almost as soon experienced a similar fate. Perseverance was a feature in Paul's character, without which he could not have existed. A third time he succeeded, and still continued to battle with the waves, until at length, after suffering two hours of incalculable fatigue, he drifted on shore, nearly dead from exertion and fatigue.

For some time before any attempt had been made to land, several natives had been seen kindling a fire, and now they appeared in great numbers. They seemed mostly to be clothed in skins, were armed with spears, and accompanied by a vast number of dogs. As if they had been watching for some prize, they no sooner saw Paul land on the raft, than a party rushed down to the beach, and seizing him among them, carried him behind the sand-hills which lined the coast, and which concealed him entirely from the view of his fellows.

Not in the least intimidated by what they had beheld, several of the seamen prepared at once to follow Paul, and accordingly launched every piece of movable timber they could find, and pushed toward shore.

After braving considerable difficulty, they succeeded in gaining the beach, but had no sooner done so, than they were seized as Paul had before been, and conducted with the same form behind the sand-hills. As no possibility existed by which those on board could ascertain what the natives were doing behind the sand-barriers, but having seen them at different times without any of their captives, they conceived that all those who had landed were murdered, and that a similar fate awaited them. Those who had remained on board the ship were obliged to shelter themselves in the fore-castle, as the wreck becoming a fixed object, the sea made over her, and there was no other part where they could remain, even for a moment, in a state of security.

Suspense and apprehension reigned during the night: some were of opinion, that, to avoid being tortured by the savages, perhaps thrown into the fires they had perceived on shore, it would be more advisable to resign themselves to a watery element, as in that situation they should only endure a few struggles, and their sufferings would be at an end.

Others there were who entertained different sentiments, and were for making the land in as compact a body as possible. "We shall then," they observed, "be able to attack the savages with whatever missiles the shore may supply, and by that means, fight our way into the country, until we meet with aid." This was over-ruled as a wild and impracticable scheme. There was no possibility of even six men keeping together as they proceeded to shore, and supposing such a number could gain the land in a compact body by a miracle, the natives would destroy them in a moment with their spears. The whole of this night was spent in misery indescribable, and as the next sun was to light them to their fate, they trembled at its rising.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]